A BRIEF AMERICAN LITERATURE

HOWES

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By ABBY WILLIS HOWES

A BRIEF ENGLISH LITERATURE
12 portraits, 231 pages

A BRIEF AMERICAN LITERATURE
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BY

ABBY WILLIS HOWES

AUTHOR OF "A BRIEF ENGLISH LITERATURE"

REVISED

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PREFACE

LIKE its companion, *A Brief English Literature*, this book sets before the reader the most important names in each literary period. To show the extent of literary growth, a few lesser names also are given brief mention, and a list of names at the end of each period calls attention not only to the authors mentioned in the text, but to many others.

The aim of the book is to be simple, orderly, and clear; to tell a few facts in such a way that there need be no confusion in the mind of the reader. While it is hoped that the subject-matter of the book has intrinsic value, a knowledge of literature obviously comes only from study of the literature itself; therefore, primarily the book will have its greatest usefulness when taken as a guide. With this thought in view, suggestions for reading, intended mainly for students in secondary schools, are given at the ends of the chapters. More mature minds will naturally read the books mentioned in the text.

ABBY WILLIS HOWES.

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A BRIEF AMERICAN LITERATURE

CHAPTER I

THE COLONIAL PERIOD

EVENTS 1607–1765

Settlement of Jamestown, 1607.
Landing of Pilgrims at Plymouth, 1620.
New York settled by the Dutch, 1621.
Massachusetts Bay Colony founded, 1630.
Harvard College founded, 1636.
Maryland founded, 1634.
First settlement in Connecticut, 1635.
Providence founded, 1636.
Swedes settle Delaware, 1638.
First printing press in America, 1639.
English seize New York, 1664.
Bacon's Rebellion, 1676.
King Philip's War, 1675–1678.
Charleston, South Carolina, founded, 1680.
Pennsylvania settled, 1681.
Salem witchcraft, 1692.
William and Mary College, Virginia, founded, 1693.
Yale University, Connecticut, founded, 1701.
Georgia settled, 1733.
Charter granted to Princeton University, 1746.
University of Pennsylvania founded, 1755.
Wars between English and French colonists: King William's War, 1689–1697; Queen Anne's War, 1702–1713; King George's War, 1744–1748; French and Indian War, 1754–1763.

General Characteristics. — The colonial history of America dates from the first English settlement in 1607 to the passage of the Stamp Act in 1765. Besides being a period of exploration and adventure, it was a time of struggle, in many cases for

bare existence. Watched in field and forest by hostile Indians, glared at by wild beasts, and haunted ghostlike by famine and fever, the life of our first settlers was one of continual warfare. Much work, also, had to be done. Trees must be felled, houses built, land cultivated. Then came the struggles with the mother country for political and commercial rights; wars with the French and the Indians. In the Northern colonies, too, religion lifted up her hand in conflict. Striving to keep their doctrines uncontaminated by outside influence, the Puritans, with warning voice, drove out Quakers and Baptists, hanged supposed witches, and fearlessly denounced all who differed from them.

As literature is the written record of the thoughts and feelings of a people, colonial literature consists chiefly of accounts of explorations, histories of doings in the colonies, diaries, and religious works. We find in it little play of the imagination, and little that can be called great or even good as literature. In style it is like the literature of England at the time when the colonists left there. In the seventeenth century, the period of the greatest colonial emigration, the English writers lacked poetic taste, and were given to a prose style in which long complex sentences predominated; so we find the first American writers unpoetic in verse and tedious in prose. The eighteenth century in England, however, produced writers of greater simplicity and grace of style, and as the colonists

still looked to England for their model, the last writers of this period show a corresponding improvement. But colonial literature suffered from its crude surroundings, and from lack of contact with the culture of England which in these years produced Milton, Dryden, Pope, and Addison. In the main it is uninteresting, and seldom read except by students.

Literature in the South. — As the first colony was established in the South, there we find our first writers. The very first was Captain **John Smith** (1579–1631), who came to Jamestown with the settlers of 1607 and did much for the struggling colonists. His life previous to this time had been full of marvelous adventures in many lands, and these experiences helped him greatly in regulating the affairs of the Virginians, in dealing with the Indians, and in making fearless expeditions into the great forests and up the unknown rivers. An account of what happened in these early days in the New World he published in London (1608) in a book called *A True Relation of Virginia*. Later, as a result of his voyages, he published *A Description of New England* and other works. His *General History of Virginia* (1624) contains the romance of Pocahontas. After describing the method of his capture, Smith tells of being brought before the Indian Emperor Powhatan, who —

"Before a fire upon a seat like a bedstead, sat covered with a great robe, made of raroweum [raccoon] skins, and all the tails hanging by. On either hand did sit a young wench of

sixteen or eighteen years, and along on each side the house, two rows of men, and behind them as many women, with all their heads and shoulders painted red: many of their heads bedecked with the white down of birds; but every one with something: and a great chain of white beads about their necks.

"At his [Smith's] entrance before the king, all the people gave a great shout. The Queen of Appamatuck was appointed to bring him water to wash his hands, another brought him a bunch of feathers, instead of a towel, to dry them: having feasted him after their best barbarous manner they could, a long consultation was held, but the conclusion was, two great stones were brought before Powhatan: then as many as could laid hands on him, dragged him to them, and thereon laid his head, and being ready with their clubs, to beat out his brains, Pocahontas, the King's dearest daughter, when no entreaty could prevail, got his head in her arms, and laid her own upon his to save him from death: whereat the Emperor was contented he should live to make him hatchets, and her bells, beads, and copper; for they thought him as well of all occupations as themselves."

William Strachey, a second colonial writer of the South, told in 1610 of the shipwreck which befell him when he came to Virginia. This account is, from some points of view, the best prose in the whole colonial period. With true poetic touches Strachey pictures the misery of all on shipboard without food for three days. He tells of the weird light which for hours danced about the masts and then suddenly disappeared, and of the ship's running ashore at last on the Islands of Bermuda, which he says were given over "to devils and wicked spirits."

This prose work is worthy of special notice not only because of its picturesque passages, but be-

cause it is supposed that Shakespeare read it and from it took suggestions for his play *The Tempest.* In the play we have a storm in the opening scene; and Ariel, the spirit who obeys the commands of the magician Prospero, says: —

"I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement: sometimes I'd divide
And burn in many places; on the top-mast,
The yards and bowsprit would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join: Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps more momentary
And sight-out-running were not."

And Ariel further recounts that Ferdinand, the king's son, as he leaped into the waters of what Shakespeare calls the "still-vexed Bermoothes," cried, —

"Hell is empty
And all the devils are here."

Other Southern Colonists wrote accounts of explorations and histories of political events, but not much writing was done in the South. The leading colonists became men of wealth and leisure who settled contentedly on their large plantations and enjoyed a life of fox hunting and hospitality. As they lived far apart, it was impossible to establish common schools. They sent their children to England when they wished them well educated, and bought English books for their own reading. For thirty-eight years the Virginians were under the rule of Governor Berkeley, who said: "I thank God there are no free schools nor printing, and I

hope we shall not have them these hundred years, for learning has brought disobedience into the world, and printing has divulged them and libels against the best governments." Under such conditions there was very little intellectual stimulus, and consequently literature did not flourish in the South.

Literature in the North was more abundant than in the South because of the different character and aim of the settlers. They were first of all thinkers. Many of them had left England, not for material gain, but because they were dissatisfied with both religious and political conditions. They regarded truth and the well-being of their souls more highly than wealth or bodily comfort. They lived in communities where intellect could play upon intellect, where it was easy to exchange books, easy to establish schools. A great proportion of these Northern colonists were graduates of the English universities, and brought with them a love for scholarship and writing. A printing press was set up in 1639. Public instruction was compulsory before 1650. Among such people one would naturally expect literature, and literature of a deeply religious nature.

The colonial governors were the first writers. **Governor Bradford** wrote *The History of Plymouth Plantation*, and Governor **John Winthrop** of Massachusetts Bay, *The History of New England*. The clergymen, however, were the writers of special prominence. They were often men of mark,

born in England, and banished from the parishes of the mother country because of nonconformity to established religious ideas. They wrote many books in explanation of their own beliefs and in contradiction of those of others. Furthermore, they did much toward establishing schools and helping education. One of them, the Reverend John Harvard, though not a writer of prominence, founded (1636) the college which bears his name; three others — Nathaniel Ward, Cotton Mather, and Jonathan Edwards — deserve particular mention for their literary work.

Nathaniel Ward (1579–1653) was a graduate of Cambridge University, who had practiced law, traveled several years on the Continent, and when finally settled as preacher in an English parish had been ejected because his religious views did not suit his bishop. He came to Massachusetts and preached for a time at Agawam, since named Ipswich. His troubles seem to have made him out of sorts with everything and everybody, and he expressed his views in a satire called *The Simple Cobbler of Agawam*. In this book Ward denounced various matters which displeased him — religious toleration, the state of contemporary English politics, and the vanities of womankind. Of the latter he said: —

"It is a more common than convenient saying that nine tailors make a man; it were well if nineteen could make a woman to her mind."

And again he says: "I honor the woman that

can honor herself with her attire." But he adds that when a woman inquires "what dress the queen is in this week," and what is the "fashion of the court," and then hastens to change her own attire —

"I look at her as the very gizzard of a trifler, the product of a quarter of a cipher, the epitome of Nothing, fitter to be kicked, if she were of a kickable substance, than either honored or humored."

These brief extracts serve to show the biting manner in which Ward wrote. His indignation burst forth with equal fury at the thought that New England was getting in old England the reputation of not ridding herself of people who held alarming religious beliefs. After assuring the world of the utter falseness of this rumor, he states what was probably the New England position in regard to toleration: —

"He that is willing to tolerate any religion or discrepant way of religion, besides his own, unless it be in matters merely indifferent, either doubts of his own, or is not sincere in it."

"That state that will give liberty of conscience in matters of religion, must give liberty of conscience and conversation in their moral laws, or else the fiddle will be out of tune, and some of the strings crack."

The style of this book is marred by puns, Latin quotations, and invented words which have no sensible meaning; yet the independence, the enthusiasm, the humor, and the rough eloquence of the work as a whole made it very popular in its own day. Its correct representation of the spirit of the age in which it was written, makes it still worth reading.

Cotton Mather (1663–1728), born in Boston, was the grandson of the celebrated pulpit orator, John Cotton, and son of Increase Mather, preacher and president of Harvard College. He was graduated from Harvard College at the age of fifteen, lived all his life in Boston, and may be considered typical of the best culture and religious thought of the time. At seventeen he was appointed associate pastor of the North Church, where his father preached. His life was one of systematic industry, and as a result he accomplished an amount of work that is almost incredible. He published nearly four hundred books, besides being a conscientious pastor and an enthusiastic philanthropist, working for the suppression of drunkenness, establishing a school at his own cost for the education of negroes, and advocating vaccination for smallpox in the face of scoffing sneers.

His most famous work is the *Magnalia Christi Americana — The Great Doings of Christ in America* — written to show that the beliefs and the governments of the Puritans had produced good results. The book begins with the settlement of New England in 1620, and details at some length the lives of those early governors and magistrates who seemed especially chosen by God. It gives us also a picture of the lives and spiritual experiences of the colonial clergy; the history of the first sixty years of Harvard College; the doctrines of the New England churches; and an account of the mercies and judgments of God upon

the struggling colonists. It is no wonder that the latter subject, as he treats it, is full of superstition, when we remember that Mather considered the New Englanders "a people of God settled in those which were once the devil's territories."

The style of the *Magnalia* seems to us very queer. The sentences are long and complex like those of the English writers, Hooker, Fuller, and Milton, half a century before. The work abounds in learned expressions and quotations from Latin and Greek authors. Moreover, there is a great tendency to punning, which makes some of the most serious passages appear to the modern reader in the light of humor. For instance, in speaking of Mr. Ralph Partridge who came from England to preach in the colony of Plymouth, Mather refers to him as if he were a bird, and calls him —

"A hunted partridge . . . who for no fault but the delicacy of his good spirit, being distressed by the ecclesiastical setters, had no defense, neither of beak nor claw, but a flight over the ocean. The place where he took covert was the colony of Plymouth, and the town of Duxbury in that colony."

Continuing, Mather tells us that many ministers left the colony of Plymouth on account of insufficient support from their congregations, but that Mr. Partridge was —

"so afraid of being anything that looked like a bird wandering from his nest, that he remained with his poor people till he took wing to become a bird of paradise, along with the winged seraphim of heaven."

But with all his oddities Mather often shows dignity of style and sometimes beauty. In his chapter on "The Exquisite Charity of Master John Eliot" these qualities are shown. He says:—

"He that will write of Eliot must write of charity, or say nothing. His charity was a star of the first magnitude in the bright constellation of his vertues, and the rays of it were wonderfully various and extensive.

"His liberality to pious uses, whether publick or private, went much beyond the proportions of his little estate in the world. Many hundreds of pounds did he freely bestow upon the poor; and he would, with a very forcible importunity, press his neighbors to join with him in such beneficences. . . . He did not put off his charity to be put in his last will, as many who therein shew that their charity is against their will; but he was his own administrator; he made his own hands his executors, and his own eyes his overseers. It has been remarked that liberal men are often long-lived men; so do they after many days find the bread with which they have been willing to keep other men alive."

Jonathan Edwards (1703–1758), "remarkable for the beauty of his face and person . . . wonderful in his purity of soul and his simple devotion to truth," was born in East Windsor, Connecticut, where his father was for sixty-four years pastor of the Congregational church. From his father he received the instruction in Greek, Latin, and Hebrew which fitted him to enter Yale College at the age of thirteen. After he was graduated he was tutor for a while at Yale, and then accepted a pastorate at Northampton, Massachusetts, which he held for twenty-four years. During this time his preaching started a great religious revival.

His interpretation of some religious doctrines, however, was too severe for the greater part of his church, and he was eventually obliged to leave Northampton. He then went to Stockbridge, farther west in Massachusetts, where he was pastor of a church, and also missionary to a tribe of Indians. In 1758 he was made president of the College of New Jersey (Princeton), but he died in less than five weeks after accepting the position.

While living at Stockbridge, Edwards wrote the book which has stamped him as one of the greatest thinkers of any age. It is called *An Inquiry into the Freedom of the Will.* In this book he tried to show how far people can choose for themselves, and how far God governs their will and choice. The following quotation is from that part of the treatise where he questions whether any event or volition can come to pass without a cause. It shows his close reasoning, and the simple, precise style of his writing.

"I assert that nothing ever comes to pass without a Cause. What is self-existent must be from eternity, and must be unchangeable; but as to all things that begin to be, they are not self-existent, and therefore must have some foundation of their existence without themselves; that whatsoever begins to be which before was not, must have a Cause why it then begins to exist, seems to be the first dictate of the common and natural sense which God hath implanted in the minds of all mankind, and the main foundation of all our reasoning about the existence of things, past, present, or to come.

"And this dictate of common sense equally respects substances and modes, or things and the manner and circum-

Jonathan Edwards

stances of things. Thus, if we see a body which has hitherto been at rest, start out of a state of rest, and begin to move, we do as naturally and necessarily suppose there is some Cause necessary in their own nature, and so not self-existent, and therefore must have a Cause. . . .

"So that it is indeed as repugnant to reason, to suppose that an act of the Will should come into existence without a Cause, as to suppose the human soul, or an angel, or the globe of the earth, or the whole universe, should come into existence without a Cause."

Edwards wrote a great deal on various religious subjects, but the work on the freedom of the will is his greatest. It is mainly original, and is most remarkable when we consider that it was written in the wilderness, where the author was out of communication with learned men. It came not as a sudden inspiration, however, but was the result of years of meditation. In fact, even as a boy Edwards had written essays on the powers of the mind, and had shown a natural fitness for analyzing thought. The book gave him world-wide fame, and still has a place in the libraries of clergymen and theologians.

A Famous Diary is that written by **Judge Samuel Sewall** (1652–1730), a good-humored, conscientious man who spent the latter part of his life in Boston. In this diary Sewall gives us quaint pictures of everyday life, which are exceedingly interesting. He tells of witchcraft meetings in Salem; of the smart whipping that he gave a small relative for playing in prayer time; and of his own courtship of Madam Winthrop, who sometimes treated him

with a "great deal of Curtesy, wine, and marmalade," and at other times looked "dark and lowering." He presented her with a printed sermon nearly every time he visited her; and at one time he took her "gingerbread wrapped up in a clean sheet of paper," and later sugared almonds. But his suit was vain. The Madam wished him to provide a coach for her if they were married, and the Judge objected.

Although this diary has no polished literary style, its value as a storehouse of colonial customs is unexcelled. Our respect for Sewall increases also when we find that he wrote the first tract (1700) against negro slavery, then existing in New England, and advocated the rights of woman.

The Poetry of this Period is not worthy of the name or hardly worthy of consideration. It follows, however, the general style of poetic writing then common in England.

In 1640 the *Bay Psalm Book* was published — the first book printed in America. It was a metrical version of the psalms to be used in the churches. Its authors said they aimed at "fidelity rather than poetry in translating the hebrew words into english language and David's poetry into english metre." The following selection will show how true was that fidelity and how false that metre: —

"O God, thou art my God, early
I will for thee inquire:
My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh
for thee hath strong desire,

In land whereas no water is
that thirsty is & dry.
To see as I saw in thine house
thy strength & thy glory.
Because thy loving kindness doth
abundantly excell
Ev'n life itselfe: wherefore my lips
forth shall thy prayses tell.
Thus will I blessing give to thee
whilst that alive am I:
And in thy name I will lift up
these hands of mine on high."

Anne Bradstreet (1612–1672). — Though we to-day find little merit in colonial poetry, Mrs. Anne Dudley Bradstreet wrote verse which at the time was considered marvelous. She was born in England in 1612, and was the daughter of Governor Dudley of Massachusetts Bay. Her husband also became governor of the colony, so that Madam Bradstreet did not want for social position. When a volume of her poems was published in London, on the title-page appeared this startling legend: "The Tenth Muse lately sprung up in America." In the middle of the seventeenth century, that a woman could write at all was considered so very extraordinary that perhaps it is no wonder that she was considered superhuman. But unfortunately the poems themselves do not show much divine fire. They are uninteresting, and often ridiculous because of poor taste in the choice of figures. She took for her subjects *The Four Elements*, *The Seasons of the Year*, *The Politics of Old and New England*, *The Four Monarchies*, and similar themes.

In *The Seasons of the Year* she describes the weather, the fruits, the flowers, and the labor peculiar to each month. Of May she says: —

"Now goes the Plow-man to his merry toyle,
He might unloose his winter locked soyle;
* * * * * *
The gardener now superfluous branches lops,
And poles erects for his young clambring hops.
* * * * * *
The croaking frogs, whom nipping winter kil'd
Like birds now chirp, and hop about the field,
The Nightingale, the black-bird and the Thrush
Now tune their layes, on sprayes of every bush."

In describing winter she says: —

"Cold frozen January next comes in,
Chilling the blood and shrinking up the skin;
* * * * * *
The day much longer then it was before,
The cold not lessened, but augmented more.
Now Toes and Ears, and Fingers often freeze,
And Travellers their noses often leese."

Contemplations is the best of her poems. It was written late in life, and shows a genuine love of nature and more ease in expression than most of her other work. Near the beginning of the poem occur these lines: —

"Under the cooling shadow of a stately elm,
Close sat I by a goodly river's side,
Where gliding streams the rocks did overwhelm;
A lonely place, with pleasures dignified.
I once that loved the shady woods so well,
Now thought the rivers did the trees excel,
And if the sun would ever shine, there would I dwell.

"While on the stealing stream I fixed mine eye,
Which to the longed for ocean held its course,
I marked nor crooks, nor rubs, that there did lie,
Could hinder aught, but still augment its force:
O happy flood, quoth I, that holds thy race
Till thou arrive at thy beloved place.
Nor is it rocks or shoals that can obstruct thy pace."

Michael Wigglesworth (1631–1705) wrote a poem which embodied the Puritan's hopes and fears for another world, and as such became more popular than any other piece of colonial literature. It is called *The Day of Doom — or a Poetical Description of the Great and Last Judgment.*

It begins by telling of the security of sinners: —

"Wallowing in all kinds of sin vile wretches lay secure."

It is night. They are awakened by the coming of Christ to "judge both Quick and Dead." In great fright —

"Some hide themselves in Caves and Delves in places under ground,
Some rashly leap into the Deep to scape by being drown'd;
Some to the Rocks (O senseless blocks!) and woody mountains run,
That there they might this fearful sight and dreadful Presence shun."

But all is vain. The judgment begins. The heathen excuse their wickedness on the plea of ignorance, and infants ask for mercy because of their innocence. Nevertheless, the unregenerate are all convinced that their ways are wrong, are put to silence, and afterwards punished, while the saints are given their reward.

This poem, which went through nine editions in spite of its doggerel, "was the solace," says Lowell, "of every fireside, the flicker of the pine-knots by which it was conned perhaps adding a livelier relish to its premonitions of eternal combustion." It was learned by heart by little children along with the catechism, and had great influence for more than a hundred years.

Wigglesworth was a graduate of Harvard, a tutor there for a time, and later pastor and physician at Malden, Massachusetts. He wrote many poems besides the one for which he was most famed. He had a very sensitive conscience, and a deep sense of his responsibility to his fellow-creatures and to God. The horrible pictures in *The Day of Doom*, therefore, were the result of his firm beliefs, and not the creation of hard-heartedness.

The Influence of Colonial Literature. — Though we are apt to smile at colonial literature and deem it dry and uninteresting, from this same literature, especially from the writings of the Puritans, through artistic and imaginative treatment have come stories and poems which we rank to-day among the best work in American literature. Longfellow, Whittier, and Hawthorne owe much of their inspiration to old colonial books.

READING FOR CHAPTER I

Good specimens of colonial literature will be found in Duyckinck's *Cyclopædia of American Literature*, and in Stedman and Hutchinson's *Library of American Literature*. Moses Coit Tyler's *History of American Literature, 1607–1765*, gives many selections. *Anne Bradstreet and Her Time*, by Helen Campbell, not only gives much of Mrs. Bradstreet's poetry, but is an exceedingly interesting picture of colonial times.

LITERATURE OF THE COLONIAL PERIOD

PROSE — 17th Century

1. Captain John Smith, 1579–1631: *A True Relation of Virginia; A Description of New England; The General History of Virginia; The True Travels.*
2. William Strachey, born 1585: *Wracke and Redemption of Sir Thomas Gates; Historie of Travaile into Virginia.*
3. Alexander Whitaker, 1588: *Good Newes from Virginia.*
4. William Bradford, 1588–1657: *History of Plymouth Plantation.*
5. Nathaniel Ward, 1579–1653: *The Simple Cobbler of Agawam.*
6. John Winthrop, 1588–1649: *History of New England.*
7. John Cotton, 1585–1652: *Sermons.*
8. Edward Johnson, 1599–1672: *Wonder-working Providence of Zion's Savior in New England.*
9. John Eliot, 1604–1690: Translation of Bible into language of the Indians; *The Christian Commonwealth.*
10. John Lawson, 16— to 1712: *History of North Carolina.*
11. Increase Mather, 1638–1723: One hundred and sixty publications.
12. Samuel Sewall, 1652–1730: *Diary.*
13. Cotton Mather, 1663–1728: *Magnalia Christi Americana*, and nearly four hundred other publications.

POETRY — 17th Century

1. George Sandys, 1577–1644: Translation of ten books of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.
2. Anne Bradstreet, 1612–1672: *The Tenth Muse Lately Sprung Up in America.*
3. Michael Wigglesworth, 1631–1705: *The Day of Doom; God's Controversy with New England.*

PROSE — 18th Century

1. James Blair, 1656–1743: *The Present State of Virginia and the College.*
2. William Byrd, 1674–1744: *History of the Dividing Line.*
3. Thomas Prince, 1687–1758: *Chronological History of New England.*
4. William Stith, 1689–1755: *History of the First Discovery and Settlement of Virginia.*
5. Jonathan Edwards, 1703–1758: *An Inquiry into the Freedom of the Will.*
6. David Brainerd, 1718–1747: *Divine Grace Displayed.*
7. Samuel Davies, 1724–1761: *Sermons.*
8. William Livingston, 1723–1790: *Military Operations in America.*

POETRY — 18th Century

1. Mather Byles, 1706–1788: *Poems*, published 1736.
2. Thomas Godfrey, 1736–1763: *Juvenile Poems on various subjects with the Prince of Parthia, a Tragedy.*

CHAPTER II

THE REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD: FROM THE STAMP ACT, 1765, TO 1800; OR FROM FRANKLIN TO IRVING

EVENTS

Stamp Act, 1765.
First Continental Congress, 1774.
Battle of Concord and Lexington; Battle of Bunker Hill, 1775.
Declaration of Independence, 1776.
Surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, 1781.
Peace Treaty, 1783.
Constitution adopted, 1788.
Washington's administration, 1789–1797.
  a. Organization of the departments of the government; formation of the Cabinet, 1789.
  b. Whitney invents the cotton gin, 1793.
Adams's administration, 1797–1801.
  a. The Alien and Sedition Laws, 1798.
  b. The city of Washington made the national capital, 1800.

General Characteristics. — The Revolutionary period, being one of war and the adjustment to new political conditions, did not furnish the atmosphere for writing that can be termed purely literary. The great national events called for an absorbing interest in politics. Should we declare our independence of English control; should we adopt the Constitution; should our first President be Washington — these were some of the important questions before the people. James Otis, Samuel Adams, Patrick Henry, and other patriots made strong and eloquent speeches. John Adams, Thomas

Paine, and others wrote fiery articles for the newspapers, and sent out stirring appeals in pamphlet form. Practical matters were foremost. It was not a time when a person could sit quietly in his library and let his imagination dwell on those ideal forms of beauty, love, and happiness which make the greatest literature. Men were forced to act, not dream; to work, not theorize. Literature as an art faded into the background.

Benjamin Franklin (1706–1790) was one of the greatest men of this period. He was the author of many political articles, but he holds his place in literature for work of a far different kind. He was born in Boston, of intelligent though humble parentage, and by sheer force of industry and common sense rose to a position of importance among statesmen, scientists, and philosophers. He received only two years' schooling before he was apprenticed to an older brother to learn the printer's trade. While thus engaged he wrote several articles for his brother's paper, secretly slipping them under the office door that his authorship might not be suspected. He also spent many hours reading an odd volume of the *Spectator* which fell into his hands, and practicing exercises in composition with the *Spectator* essays as models. He continued to teach himself throughout his life, saving his money that he might buy books, and saving his time that he might have leisure to read them.

At the age of seventeen, owing to the harshness of his brother, he ran away from home. He

Benj. Franklin

reached Philadelphia, where in a few years he established himself as a printer. At the age of forty-two he had become a man of sufficient means to lay aside active business and devote himself to scientific and other pursuits. His discoveries in electricity brought him the title of Doctor from Oxford and St. Andrews across the sea, and made him a member of the Royal Society of England and of the French Academy. He did many things for practical, everyday comfort and for the general enlightenment of the people: he invented the lightning rod, and a stove which found great favor; he induced the people of Philadelphia to pave and clean their streets; set on foot the movement which has resulted in the establishment of public libraries; and founded the University of Pennsylvania.

As a public man Franklin did wise and useful service for our country. For fifteen years before the Revolution he lived in England as colonial agent for Pennsylvania, and during the Revolution he was sent to France to urge the justice of our cause and obtain aid from the French people. He was so successful that France acknowledged our independence and sent troops to help maintain it. Later it was owing largely to his influence that the Constitution was unanimously adopted.

Franklin's Writings. — *Poor Richard's Almanac* and the *Autobiography* are the two books which give Franklin recognition in a history of literature. He began the *Almanac* in 1732 and continued it for twenty-five years. He tells us in his *Autobiography:*

"I endeavored to make it both entertaining and useful, and it accordingly came to be in such demand, that I reaped considerable profit from it, vending annually near ten thousand. And observing that it was generally read, scarce any neighborhood in the province being without it, I considered it as a proper vehicle for conveying instruction among the common people, who bought scarcely any other books; I therefore filled all the little spaces that occurred between the remarkable days in the calendar with proverbial sentences, chiefly such as inculcated industry and frugality, as the means of procuring wealth, and thereby securing virtue."

Many of the proverbs are still well known. Some of them are as follows: —

"God helps them that help themselves."
"Diligence is the mother of good luck."
"Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other, and scarce in that."
"Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

The *Autobiography* was begun in 1771. Like most other things that Franklin did, it was written with the idea of doing good, in the thought that posterity might be benefited in knowing the steps by which he "emerged from poverty and obscurity . . . to a state of affluence and some degree of reputation in the world." It is considered one of the best autobiographies ever written. It has not only the interest of a narrative, moving straight forward with close fidelity to facts, but also the interest which comes from learning the character of a great man. Common sense is revealed on every page, in a style dignified and clear, and humor, which was

inseparable from Franklin's nature, meets us occasionally with a warm touch of feeling. The book has always been popular, and the sincerity with which it is written, combined with its vigorous style, makes it a classic still widely read.

John Woolman (1720–1772) wrote a *Journal* which was published during this period, and which well deserves mention and reading. It is a simple record of the man's life — "the sweetest and purest autobiography in the language," said William Ellery Channing to Whittier. In style it is clear and graceful, and it possesses a particular charm because of its sincerity.

One finds in this journal little evidence of the spirit of the times, for Woolman was a Quaker, born in New Jersey, a man with a beautiful soul and a wonderful love for all creatures. But his goodness seems to have come only after a struggle, for at sixteen, he tells us, "to exceed in vanity and to promote mirth was my chief study."

When he reached manhood he became a tailor. He says: "I believed the hand of Providence pointed out this business for me, and I was taught to be content with it, though I felt at times a disposition that would have sought for something greater." His observation of life led him to believe that people in humble circumstances are the happiest; therefore, when he saw riches within his grasp, he withheld his hand. In course of time he became a retailer of goods pertaining to his trade; he remarks: "My trade increased every year, and

the way to large business appeared open, but I felt a stop in my mind." He also was particular in regard to what kind of goods he sold. "Things that served chiefly to please the vain mind in people," he writes, "I was not easy to trade in; seldom did it; and whenever I did I found it weaken me as a Christian."

His ideas on slavery were early and clearly formed and had considerable influence in molding public opinion. He expresses his views thus: "Though we made slaves of the negroes, and the Turks made slaves of the Christians, I believed that liberty was the natural right of all men equally."

Woolman's *Journal* contains many other sage reflections besides those relating to simple living and the brotherhood of man. These views he gave to the world through the spoken word as well as the written, for he traveled much, visiting different societies of Friends in our own country and in England. He died in the quaint old English city of York.

The Federalist (1787-1788), a series of articles published in the New York papers, urging the people of that state to adopt the Constitution, is the work in this period of the most lasting literary importance. These articles were mainly written by Alexander Hamilton, although James Madison wrote a goodly number, and John Jay a few.

Alexander Hamilton (1757–1804), born in the West Indies of Scotch parentage, came to the

colonies when only thirteen. He was educated in colonial schools, and embraced the colonial cause in the Revolution. He began by writing newspaper articles and making speeches; later he entered the army, and after brilliant service was made a member of Washington's staff and took charge of Washington's correspondence.

After leaving the army Hamilton studied law and then entered Congress. By his *Federalist* articles he not only attained a foremost place in the literature of his time, but made himself prominent throughout the country as a man of strong intellect. As Secretary of the Treasury under Washington, he strengthened the opinion already held of his ability, by placing the government on a sound financial basis. His untimely death in a duel with Aaron Burr, who was bitterly angered because Hamilton's influence had prevented his election as governor of New York, caused a storm of public indignation which Burr never outlived.

All the articles in the *Federalist* were signed *Publius*, whether written by Hamilton, Jay, or Madison. They are clear, earnest, and dignified. They show the advantages that will come to the colonists from adopting the Constitution, and the dangers that must follow without it. They cover the fundamental principles of all government, and thus make a valuable text-book for students of politics.

George Washington (1732–1799), though probably never dreaming that he would be placed with the writers of his country, in his *Farewell Address* (1796), at the close of his second term as President, left words of wisdom in regard to the management of the nation that no true patriot can neglect. The address is formal rather than brilliant, but its stateliness is quite in keeping with the nobility and unselfishness of Washington himself, and of the thoughts embodied.

The Poetry. — The greater part of the poetry of this period was inspired by the political situations.

Francis Hopkinson (1737–1791) of Philadelphia, a judge, member of the Continental Congress, and signer of the Declaration of Independence, wrote the humorous *Battle of the Kegs*, in which he told of the great alarm of the British troops at Philadelphia on seeing some kegs float down the Delaware. Supposing them to be some device of the rebels for entering the city,—

> "The soldiers flew, the sailors too,
> And scared almost to death, sir,
> Wore out their shoes, to spread the news,
> And ran till out of breath, sir."

The Hartford Wits, a group of men in Hartford, Connecticut, wrote much in both prose and poetry. The best-remembered of them are Timothy Dwight, John Trumbull, and Joel Barlow. **Dwight** (1752–1817), a grandson of Jonathan Edwards, was president of Yale College and the author of the *Conquest of Canaan* and *Columbia*.

Trumbull (1750–1831), an infant prodigy who at the age of seven passed his Greek and Latin examinations for Yale College, was a lawyer and a judge. In 1776 he published two cantos of a poem called *McFingal.* McFingal, the hero, is a bigoted Tory who makes a fiery speech at a New England town-meeting, and some time later is tarred and feathered and glued to a liberty pole by the indignant patriots. This burlesque on the Tories was hailed with delight by the rebellious colonists. The poem grew to four cantos in 1782, and had a very wide circulation.

Joel Barlow (1754–1812), chaplain in the Revolutionary army and also a lawyer, wrote *The Columbiad*, a long epic which has been adjudged a stupendous failure. It was the work of the greater part of Barlow's life, and tells of the history of America, her progress, and her future glory as seen in a vision by Columbus as he lay in chains in a Spanish dungeon. In idea the poem is both poetic and noble, and breathes a love of country unsurpassed by any patriot; but the long-drawn descriptions and pompous marshaling of events make it very tiresome.

Barlow's *Hasty Pudding*, which gives a partial picture of New England customs, is more pleasing. While living in France he found it next to impossible to get the New England dish which his lines celebrate, and his joy on having it at last served to him resulted in the poem.

"Dear Hasty Pudding, what unpromised joy
Expands my heart, to meet thee in Savoy!
Doomed o'er the world through devious path to roam,
Each clime my country, and each house my home,
My soul is soothed, my cares have found an end,
I greet my long-lost, unforgotten friend.
For thee through Paris, that corrupted town,
How long in vain I wandered up and down.

* * * * * *

But here, though distant from our native shore,
With mutual glee we meet and laugh once more."

Philip Freneau (1752–1832), a merchant, a journalist, and a sea-captain, born in New York, wrote a good deal of political satire, like his contemporaries, and also some verse which contains true poetic feeling and original observations of nature. Verse of this quality places him above the other poets of this period. His *Indian Burying Ground* and *Wild Honeysuckle* mark the height of his ability. Three stanzas of *Wild Honeysuckle* are as follows:

"Fair flower, that dost so comely grow,
Hid in this silent, dull retreat,
Untouched thy honied blossoms blow,
Unseen thy little branches greet:
No roving foot shall crush thee here,
No busy hand provoke a tear.

"By Nature's self in white arrayed,
She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,
And planted here thy guardian shade,
And sent soft waters murmuring by:
Thus quietly thy summer goes,
Thy days declining to repose.

"Smit with those charms, that must decay,
I grieve to see your future doom:
They died — nor were those flowers more gay,
The flowers that did in Eden bloom;
Unpitying frosts, and Autumn's power,
Shall leave no vestige of this flower."

READING FOR CHAPTER II

See Stedman and Hutchinson's *Library of American Literature* for selections of both poetry and prose.

Franklin. — *Autobiography.*

Woolman. — *Journal*, Chapter I.

Washington. — *Farewell Address.*

LITERATURE OF THE REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD FROM FRANKLIN TO IRVING

PROSE

1. Benjamin Franklin, 1706–1790: *Poor Richard's Almanac; Autobiography.*
2. John Woolman, 1720–1772: *Journal*, published 1774.
3. Thomas Jefferson, 1743–1826: *Declaration of Independence.*
4. Thomas Paine, 1737–1809: *Common Sense; Rights of Man; The Age of Reason.*
5. John Adams, 1735–1826: *Defense of the Constitution of the United States.*
6. Hugh Henry Brackenridge, 1748–1816: *Modern Chivalry.*
7. James Madison, 1751–1836: *Papers in the Federalist.*
8. Alexander Hamilton, 1757–1804: *The Federalist.*
9. Mrs. Susanna Rowson, 1762–1824: Novel — *Charlotte Temple.*
10. Charles Brockden Brown, 1771–1810: Novels — *Wieland; Ormond; Arthur Mervyn.*
11. George Washington, 1732–1799: *Farewell Address*, 1796.
12. John Marshall, 1775–1835: *Life of Washington*, 1804–7.

POETRY

1. Phillis Wheatley, 1753–1794: *Poems on Various Subjects.*
2. Francis Hopkinson, 1737–1791: *The Battle of the Kegs.*
3. Timothy Dwight, 1752–1817: *Hymns and Songs.*
4. Joel Barlow, 1754–1812: *The Columbiad; Hasty Pudding.*
5. John Trumbull, 1750–1831: *McFingal.*
6. Philip Freneau, 1752–1832: *Lines to a Wild Honeysuckle; The Indian Burying Ground.*

CHAPTER III

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

EVENTS TO 1870

1. Jefferson's administration, 1801–1809.
   a. War with Tripoli, 1801.
   b. Purchase of Louisiana, 1803.
2. Madison's administration, 1809–1817.
   War with England, 1812–1815.
3. Monroe's administration, 1817–1825.
   a. War with Seminole Indians, 1817.
   b. Missouri Compromise, 1820.
   c. Monroe Doctrine declared, 1823.
4. John Quincy Adams's administration, 1825–1829.
   a. Erie Canal opened, 1825.
   b. Temperance reform begun, 1826.
5. Jackson's administration, 1829–1837.
   a. Woman Suffrage movement prominent, 1830.
   b. Garrison publishes *The Liberator*, 1831.
   c. South Carolina nullifies the protective tariff, 1832.
6. Van Buren's administration, 1837–1841.
   Business panic, 1837.
7. Harrison and Tyler's administration, 1841–1845.
   a. Ashburton Treaty, 1842.
   b. First electric telegraph in America, 1844.
   c. Annexation of Texas, 1845.
8. Polk's administration, 1845–1849.
   a. Oregon acquired, 1846.
   b. Mexican War, 1846–1847.
   c. Discovery of gold in California, 1848.
9. Taylor and Fillmore's administration, 1849–1853.
   Fugitive Slave Law, 1850.
10. Pierce's administration, 1853–1857.
    a. Arizona and New Mexico added to our territory, 1848–1853.
    b. Kansas-Nebraska Bill, 1854.
11. Buchanan's administration, 1857–1861.
    a. The Dred Scott decision, 1857.

b. Business panic, 1857.
c. Formation of Southern Confederacy, 1861.

12. Lincoln's administration, 1861–1865.
a. Civil War, 1861–1865.
b. The Proclamation of Emancipation, 1863.
c. Lincoln assassinated, 1865.

13. Johnson's administration, 1865–1869.
a. Reconstruction of Southern States, 1865–1870.
b. Atlantic Cable permanently laid, 1866.
c. Purchase of Alaska, 1867.

General Characteristics. — The first half of the nineteenth century was a period of distinct national development, when new territory was acquired, roads and canals were built, manufactories established, and the general prosperity of our country was put on a sure basis. It was a period when we felt particularly proud of our achievements and particularly sensitive to criticism; when we were impatient with any one who found flaws in the United States or in our civilization. In the first half of this century our greatest writers lived and rose to prominence.

Near the middle of the century came the great Civil War, in which we tested before the world whether our Union could endure. Among the thousands who fell in the conflict there must have been many of pronounced literary talent, who probably would have swelled the lists of our later writers.

The latter half of the century was a period of great growth in population, wealth, and culture. Cities became large and prominent; fine public buildings, churches, libraries, museums, schools, and colleges multiplied. Writers arose all over

the country, particularly in the South and the Middle West.

Characteristics of the Literature. — In the nineteenth century Americans were not close imitators of English literature, as in the earlier periods; still it was impossible not to be affected somewhat by the great waves of thought which sweep from one country to another.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century and the first part of the nineteenth we notice a great change in the literature of England. Our Revolution of 1776 and the French Revolution of 1789 had set strongly in motion certain ideas in regard to individual rights and the worth of the common people, which shook most minds from their old ways of thinking. Then, too, English writers no longer considered the Greek and Roman classics the only worthy models for imitation. They had begun to read German literature, to study the myths of the Teutons, to re-read their own old writers, to love nature, and to feel more kindly toward man. A decided romantic tendency developed. The ruined tower, the ghost-haunted castle, extraordinary adventures of all kinds, figured in prose and poetry. This liberalism in thought resulted in greater variety of literary expression, greater freedom in literary form. The novel, first published in 1740, had developed into a settled literary type and was depicting all conditions of life, but delighting the public particularly with the romantic tales of Walter Scott.

Americans still read English books, though their political connection with England was severed. Hence romanticism, together with other forces which will be mentioned later, affected American literature and broke up the domination of theology which, in New England at least, had biased the writers in colonial times. This romantic spirit was a positive benefit to the literature produced by our great writers, because it gave free play to the imagination and feelings; but its effect upon ordinary writers was to make them weakly sentimental, as is shown by our magazines and novels in general before 1850.

The literature of the last part of the century was influenced by science as well as by romantic tendencies. Since 1830 great strides have been made in scientific investigation of all kinds. It is not necessary to enumerate the many material advantages which have resulted from the application of steam, electricity, and physical forces, nor to show the results that have come from the study of the composition of the earth, and the body and the mind of man; but it is important to know that the scientific habit of thinking has been formed, the habit of looking at things as they *are* and not according to traditional prejudices. This has led to literary attempts to describe life as it really exists, and to a general advance in workmanship in all kinds of literature.

CHAPTER IV

THE FIRST PROMINENT WRITERS OF THE NEW REPUBLIC

During the first part of the nineteenth century the greatest literary names were Irving, Bryant, Cooper, and Poe. New York, a city of twenty-five thousand, was then the literary center, and thither came writers from New England and the South, finding publishers for their books and employment on the New York journals.

The character of our first national literature, which found a center in New York, is light and entertaining. We have poems, stories, and sketches which amuse or kindle the fancy, but which rarely strike the deep chords of human life. The writings show a delicacy of thought and refinement of expression which surprised our foreign critics, who supposed that a nation just emerging from revolution would naturally produce writers of rude strength and passion.

Washington Irving (1783–1859) is generally considered the Father of American Literature because he was the first American to obtain praise abroad for his literary work. So excellent is this literary work that it would be small credit to any one not to admire it; but the wonderful thing is that it

came from a land whose houses yet stood on the edge of the forest, and whose sons still struggled with wild beasts and Indians, and from the pen of a writer who had little schooling. Irving himself said: "It has been a matter of marvel to my European readers that a man from the wilds of America should express himself in tolerable English."

The particular "wilds" in which Irving was born happened to be New York City, where his Scotch father and English mother had settled twenty years before. His father, a stern Presbyterian deacon, brought his children up in an atmosphere cold and rigid; but in spite of this, Irving early showed a fondness for miscellaneous reading and the theater, and an inclination to saunter and dream. As his health was delicate, he often made excursions with his dog and gun among the hills bordering on the Hudson, listening with intense delight to the stories of the Dutch settlers, and learning to love both the country and its legends.

As he grew to manhood he studied law, spent two years in Europe for the benefit of his health, and coming home started literary work by writing a series of essays for *Salmagundi*, a semi-monthly periodical published by his brother William and his friend Paulding. In 1809 he published *Knickerbocker's History of New York*. But though all his literary ventures were successful, Irving hesitated to take up literature as a profession; he went into business with his brothers and gave up writing

for a time. In 1815 this business partnership sent him to England, and while he was there the failure of the firm prompted him to take up his pen once more. From this time forth Washington Irving was a professional man of letters.

Until 1832 he lived in Europe, for a time in England, then in Spain, then as secretary to the American legation in London. In 1832 he came home and was welcomed with every honor. As he was unmarried, he lived with his nieces for ten delightful years at Tarrytown on the Hudson, in a house which he purchased and named Sunnyside. From 1842 to 1846 he was minister to Spain. He died at Sunnyside, and lies buried in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, which overlooks the scenes of Ichabod Crane's adventures.

Irving's Writings. — *Knickerbocker's History of New York* is a humorous account of the settlement and early history of New York. The book was supposed to be written by Diedrich Knickerbocker, who, according to Irving, was "a small elderly gentleman, dressed in an old black coat and cocked hat," who had mysteriously disappeared from his lodgings in Mulberry Street and left the manuscript of the book behind him. The ridiculous accounts of the old governors, Wouter Van Twiller, William the Testy, and Peter Stuyvesant of the silver leg, their wars with the neighboring colonists and their treatment of their Dutch subjects, make highly diverting reading. The celebrated decision made by Governor Van Twiller in a dis-

Washington Irving

pute concerning accounts, is a good example of Irving's method of making light of the good old days when New York was called New Amsterdam. The contending parties, Wandle and Barent, are represented as appearing before the governor the morning after he was installed in office: —

"The two parties being confronted before him, each produced a book of accounts, written in a language and character that would have puzzled any but a High-Dutch commentator, or a learned decipherer of Egyptian obelisks. The sage Wouter took them one after the other, and having poised them in his hands, and attentively counted over the number of leaves, fell straightway into a very great doubt, and smoked for half an hour without saying a word; at length, laying his finger beside his nose, and shutting his eyes for a moment, with the air of a man who has just caught a subtle idea by the tail, he slowly took his pipe from his mouth, puffed forth a column of tobacco-smoke, and with marvelous gravity and solemnity pronounced, that, having carefully counted over the leaves and weighed the books, it was found, that one was just as thick and as heavy as the other: therefore, it was the final opinion of the court that the accounts were equally balanced: therefore, Wandle should give Barent a receipt, and Barent should give Wandle a receipt, and the constable should pay the costs.

"This decision, being straightway made known, diffused general joy throughout New Amsterdam, for the people immediately perceived that they had a very wise and equitable magistrate to rule over them. But its happiest effect was, that not another lawsuit took place throughout the whole of his administration; and the office of constable fell into such decay, that there was not one of those losel scouts known in the province for many years. I am the more particular in dwelling on this transaction, not only because I deem it one of the most sage and righteous judgments on record, and well

worthy the attention of modern magistrates, but because it was a miraculous event in the history of the renowned Wouter — being the only time he was ever known to come to a decision in the whole course of his life."

Knickerbocker's History was eagerly read by the generation for whom it was published. Its subject-matter became so popular, the "peculiar and racy customs and usages" derived from the Dutch were so harped upon by contemporary writers of fiction, that Irving said: "I find myself almost crowded off the legendary ground which I was the first to explore."

Sometimes *Knickerbocker's History* has been considered Irving's best work; but usually that merit has been accorded to *The Sketch-Book*. This contains Irving's best-known stories, *Rip Van Winkle* and *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, besides a number of essays and sketches. In these stories, the scenes of which border the Hudson River, Irving did an incalculable service to America, by weaving the charm of romance over a country crude and new. His service to literature was even greater, for these stories, together with *Knickerbocker's History*, being wholly American in subject and original in treatment, give us a literature truly American.

Bracebridge Hall and *Tales of a Traveller* are in the same form as *The Sketch-Book;* the former gives pleasant pictures of English life and one or two American stories, and the latter contains tales

relating to several countries. *The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*, *A Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada*, and *The Alhambra* were the result of Irving's living in Spain and becoming interested in Spanish history and romantic legend. The Spaniards gave him the title of "the poet Irving."

His *Life of Goldsmith*, a most delightful biography, was written because he felt a fellowship for the man. His *Life of Washington* was his last work, and one which he wrote with great enthusiasm. It is excellent in style, and just in its judgments of men and things.

Irving's Style. — Irving possessed a gayety of temperament and an ease and charm of manner which made him a general favorite, not only in the plain drawing-rooms of his own country, but amid the stately elegance of foreign courts. This attractiveness of manner he likewise shows in his writings. They are as graceful and charming in style as himself, and show an elegance and finish rarely equaled. His choice of words is most happy, and his humor, pleasant and quaint, spreads beams of sunlight over his pages. He shows great skill, too, in the construction of his stories and sketches. At a time when the short story had not developed to the permanent literary type of to-day, he wrote tales which have hardly been surpassed in form. His biographical work is somewhat tinged with imagination, but is such delightful reading that one seldom wishes it different.

Irving's Popularity. — During his lifetime Irving was the author who held first place in the hearts of his countrymen. He charmed young and old, and was no less admired in England. In 1830 the Royal Society of Literature of London gave him a gold medal, and Oxford University gave him the degree of D.C.L. The whole English people applauded him, and he was entertained in their highest social, literary, and political circles.

That enthusiasm which existed in his lifetime still finds an echo in the world to-day. American life and foreign life take on an added interest because of what he wrote. The Hudson River and the region round about where Hendrick Hudson played at tenpins and the Headless Horseman rode; Spain, with its Alhambra and romantic legends; England, with its vine-grown manor houses and gray old cathedrals, — he has invested all with undying charm. Some of Irving's stories are considered classics, and all his writings are still worth the reading. It is indeed a satisfaction to know that our first great literary representative after the Revolution was a man of such enduring magical qualities.

The Knickerbocker School is a name given to a group of New York writers of Irving's time, some of whom contributed to the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, which flourished from 1833 to 1864. The group includes Irving himself, James Kirke Paulding, Joseph Rodman Drake, Fitz-Greene Halleck, and Nathaniel Parker Willis. Irving excepted, how-

ever, all these writers of the Knickerbocker School are of minor importance.

Paulding (1779–1860) worked with Irving on *Salmagundi*, and some years later, after the publication of that periodical was abandoned, started a series of essays which he again called *Salmagundi*. He wrote also many poems, novels, humorous sketches, and pamphlets. The novel called *The Dutchman's Fireside* (1831) is his best work.

Drake (1795–1820), who died at the early age of twenty-five, is remembered for two poems, *The American Flag* and *The Culprit Fay*. *The American Flag* is familiar to all, beginning with these lines: —

> "When Freedom from her mountain height
> Unfurled her standard to the air,
> She tore the azure robes of night,
> And set the stars of glory there."

The Culprit Fay is a poem of the most dainty fancy, containing descriptions of river and mountain scenery, and telling how a fay was punished for falling in love with a mortal. For one task, he must catch a drop from the bow made by the sturgeon as he leaps from the water. Then after successfully performing this feat, he must follow a shooting star and catch the "last faint spark of its burning train."

> "He put his acorn helmet on;
> It was plumed of the silk of the thistle-down;
> The corselet-plate that guarded his breast
> Was once the wild bee's golden vest;

His cloak of a thousand mingled dyes,
Was formed of the wings of butterflies;
His shield was the shell of a lady-bug queen;
Studs of gold on a ground of green;
And the quivering lance which he brandished bright,
Was the sting of a wasp he had slain in fight.

"Swift he bestrode his firefly steed;
He bared his blade of the bent grass blue;
He drove his spurs of the cockle-seed,
And away like a glance of thought he flew
To skim the heavens and follow far
The fiery trail of the rocket-star."

Halleck (1790–1867) is remembered for his martial poem *Marco Bozzaris;* other poems, popular in their day, are *Fanny*, *Alnwick Castle*, and *Burns*. When Drake died, Halleck wrote a poem in his memory containing the well-known lines: —

"None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise."

Nathaniel Parker Willis (1806–1867) was the son of a journalist who founded the widely circulating *Youth's Companion*. He was born in Portland, Maine, but lived in New York City during the greater part of his literary career. He was a popular society man —

"The topmost bright bubble on the wave of the town" —

and dashed off with the greatest ease all sorts of poems, stories, and descriptions. For a number of years he was one of the editors of the *Home Journal*, for which he wrote accounts of operas,

theaters, and balls. Before this period he wrote many poems paraphrasing events related in the Bible; his *Absalom* and *Hagar in the Wilderness* still hold a place in literary collections, but shallowness and sentimentality in both prose and poetry prevent him from being called great, and from being particularly interesting to the present generation. His miscellaneous sketches are collected in volumes bearing such names as *Letters from under a Bridge*, *Pencillings by the Way*, and *Inklings of Adventure*.

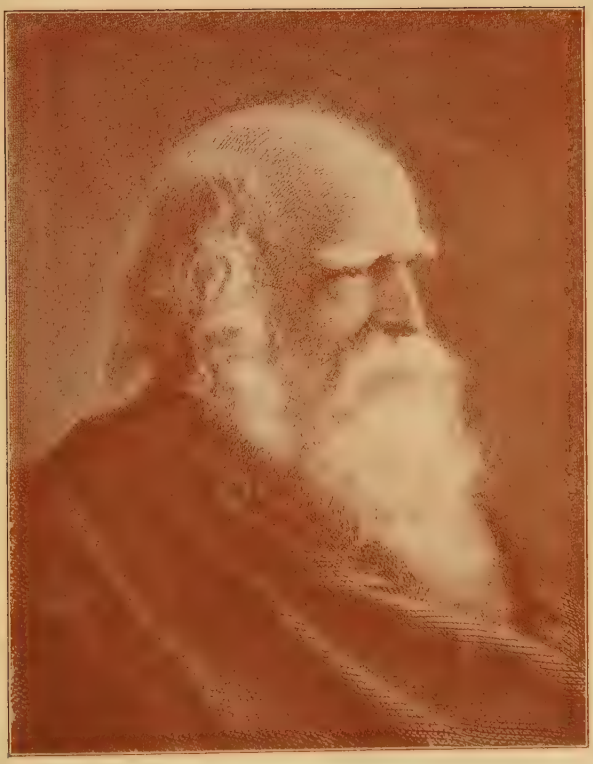
William Cullen Bryant (1794–1878), the first of our real poets, had a large share in originating and elevating the literature of our country. He was born in Cummington, Massachusetts. His mother was a descendant of John Alden of Plymouth, and his father was a physician and a person of education and local eminence, who could himself write sonnets and other verse. His great-grandfather, too, and other members of the family were writers of verse, so without doubt Bryant inherited his gift.

Carefully supervised by his father, Bryant's progress in learning and composition was rapid. He was extremely precocious. At the age of nine he wrote poems, and when only thirteen published in pamphlet form a denunciation in verse of the embargo which Congress had laid on American shipping. He entered Williams College, but lack of money prevented his remaining there more than seven months. However, he continued his studies

without the aid of schools, and became distinguished as a scholar of many languages. He studied law, and practiced it for several years; but a literary life had such strong attractions for him that in 1826 he went to New York and secured a position as editor of a magazine.

During the rest of his life Bryant occupied himself as journalist and poet. For more than half a century he was editor of *The New York Evening Post*, and through it he raised the moral and literary tone of journalism. He visited Europe six times and traveled much in his own country. He became a man of wealth, and owned a fine house in New York, also a house near Roslyn, Long Island, and another at his birthplace in Massachusetts. He died in his eighty-fourth year, having gained distinction at home and abroad as a poet and man of letters.

Bryant's Poems. — The most remarkable of Bryant's poems is *Thanatopsis*, a poem on death, written when he was seventeen. When this, with a number of his other poems, was sent to the *North American Review* for publication, the editor declared that he had been imposed upon, that no one on this side of the Atlantic was capable of writing such verses. And, indeed, besides absolute originality, they show a maturity and finish that Bryant himself never excelled. Stately and grand his lines flow on — "fit for a temple service beneath the vault of heaven" —



William Cullen Bryant

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave, at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

The boy who could write such lines was an intense lover of nature. *Green River*, *To a Waterfowl*, and other early poems show this trait. In fact, all through his poetry, early and late, descriptions of nature, minute and exact, mark his writings. He was a stanch patriot, too, and an admirer of the true and right. *The Antiquity of Freedom*, *Our Country's Call*, *Song of Marion's Men*, and *The Death of Slavery* are poems in evidence. He is sometimes playful in his verse, as in *The Wind and the Stream*, and always there is a delicacy and refinement in his expression — too much refinement to suit some critics. Lowell says: —

"He's too smooth and too polished to hang any zeal on."

But his simplicity and grace find many admirers, and his strong love of nature still holds the heart of many readers of *The Death of the Flowers*, *To the Fringed Gentian*, and *The Planting of the Apple Tree*.

Bryant's Translations. — As Byrant was well acquainted with many languages, it was natural that

he should be a translator. At different times in his life he translated short poems from several sources, but when he was over seventy he did his greatest work of this kind by translating Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. The blank verse in which the poems are rendered ranks with that of the great masters.

Bryant's Fame. — Although he published much prose, Bryant's literary fame rests entirely on his poetry, which well deserves the high rank that was given it during his lifetime and has been given it since. It lacks passion and fire, but its calm, simple beauty, loving description of nature, and lofty moral tone have seldom been excelled.

James Fenimore Cooper (1789–1851), the creator of the novel of adventure and stories of Indian life, was born in Burlington, New Jersey, but while still an infant removed with his parents to a wilderness in New York State. There he passed his youth, becoming familiar with trappers, scouts, Indians, and lake and woodland scenery. He was prepared for college by an Episcopal clergyman at Albany, and entered Yale at thirteen. Careless habits of study and conduct led to his dismissal, however, in his third year, and he entered the navy. At twenty-one he married, gave up a sea life, and undertook farming. In 1820 he published his first novel, *Precaution*, a story of English life. For his next novels he turned to American life. In 1821 he published *The Spy*, a tale of the Revolution, which was a great success in

America. But no one felt that the book was really worthy of praise until an English critic said so; for although America had thrown off the political bondage of England, she was still a slave to the literary opinions of the mother country.

After *The Spy* Cooper wrote *The Pioneers*, *The Pilot*, and *The Last of the Mohicans* (1826). His popularity was now very great. His novels were dramatized, translated into foreign languages, and their scenes painted by prominent artists. The large sums of money which he realized from the sale of his books enabled him to sail to Europe with his family and remain abroad several years. He continued to write, however, and published *The Prairie*, *Red Rover*, and other tales.

While abroad he offended the Europeans by his intense feeling for America. An Englishman remarked: "He is evidently prouder of his birth than of his genius; and looks, speaks, and walks as if he exulted more in being recognized as an American citizen than as the author of *The Pilot* and *The Prairie*." He seems to have had a genius for offending people, for after his return to America he changed his countrymen's enthusiasm to hatred by criticising their manners and institutions, and by bringing many libel suits against publishers whose criticism of himself he was foolish enough to resent. In the midst of fiery arguments with his enemies he passed the last years of his life at his old home in New York State, called Cooperstown after his family.

Cooper's Novels. — Cooper is the first American novelist whose books have lived. **Charles Brockden Brown** (1771–1810), who was really our first novelist of any note, published *Wieland* in 1798, and followed it with several other stories; but his books are not read now except by the student of literary history. Cooper, however, still holds a good place in the favor of general readers, not only in this country but in others.

The series of Indian stories called *The Leather-Stocking Tales*, comprising *The Deerslayer*, *The Last of the Mohicans*, *The Pathfinder*, *The Pioneers*, and *The Prairie*, Cooper himself considered the best of his novels. They take their name from one of the characters, Leather-Stocking, who with various other nicknames figures in each book. Many critics consider *The Last of the Mohicans* the best of the series, and the best of all Cooper's works.

Of his sea stories *The Red Rover*, as a whole, heads the list, although *The Pilot* has some scenes — those describing storm and battle — which compare well with like scenes in any other book.

The chief merits of Cooper's novels are the startling adventures which crowd his pages, and the descriptions of nature. He shows great love for woods, lakes, rivers, and sea, and is in his element in picturing a storm. The wholesome, manly tone of his stories also adds to their value. His characters are not often lifelike, although some, as Harvey Birch, the spy, Hawkeye, the scout, and Long

Tom Coffin, the old whaler, have gained a worthy place among the notables of fiction.

Simms and Cooke. — In the South we find two novelists, William Gilmore Simms (1806–1870), of South Carolina, and John Esten Cooke (1830–1886), of Virginia, writing in much the same style as Cooper. Their novels tell tales of love and adventure amid scenes of border and colonial life, and they found many readers in their day. Simms's best romance is *The Yemassee* (1835). *The Virginia Comedians* (1854) is considered Cooke's best work. These novels are fast fading into the background of oblivion ; but the writings of one Southerner, Edgar Allan Poe, grow in importance with each succeeding year.

Edgar Allan Poe (1809–1849), perhaps the most artistic of the greater writers of America, was born in Boston, where his parents, who were actors from Maryland, were fulfilling a theatrical engagement. Left an orphan at an early age, he was adopted by Mr. Allan, of Richmond, Virginia, a wealthy man, who took the child to England and had him educated for five years in a school a few miles from London. On his return to America he entered the University of Virginia, where he showed a brooding disposition, an imaginative temperament, and a wayward will. He developed gambling habits, and Mr. Allan took him from college and placed him in his office. But work in a countingroom proved irksome, so Poe left home and went to Boston, where he published a volume

of poems and enlisted in the army. Later, through Mr. Allan and other friends, he secured an appointment at West Point, but he remained there only a few months.

During these years of early manhood Poe felt strongly that he was a poet. In one of his letters he declares: "I am a poet, if deep worship of all beauty can make me one." He now settled in Baltimore and began in earnest his literary career. His first decided success was not poetry, however, but a prose tale, *A Manuscript Found in a Bottle*, for which he gained a prize of one hundred dollars offered by a magazine called *The Saturday Visitor*. For this magazine he continued to write; in 1835 he went to Richmond, where he became editor of *The Southern Literary Messenger;* and after a time we find him doing journalistic work in Philadelphia and New York. In 1845 his famous poem, *The Raven*, was published, winning an immediate popularity never before equaled by any great poem.

During the rest of his life Poe was connected in various capacities with different periodicals. Willis employed him on *The Mirror;* he became editor and owner of *The Broadway Journal;* he wrote stories, poems, and literary criticisms. But he was never successful financially. Poverty clutched him like a demon, and worn down by worry and intemperate habits, he was often extremely wretched. His last years were spent at Fordham, one of the suburbs of New York,

Edgar A. Poe

and there his beautiful wife, Virginia, died in great want.

Poe's Poetry includes only a few poems, but the best of these — among which are *The Raven*, *Ulalume*, and *The Haunted Palace* — are of the highest rank. His views about poetry were peculiar, and at variance with those of his American contemporaries. He believed a true poem must be short; that it should elevate the soul, and that it can best do this through appealing to man's sense of the beautiful. Indeed, he defined poetry as "the rhythmical creation of beauty." Carrying out these ideas in his own poems, he gives us beautiful word pictures and beautiful harmony of sound; but he does not give us ideas or words of wisdom. Instead, we have moods and impressions, and therefore many critics call his poems vague and visionary. They deal with morbid themes, death and ruin principally. Yet so perfect is Poe's art that in his best poems he ranks with the great poets of all lands and all times. In England his poetry is commonly ranked higher than that of any other American writer.

The following selection from *The Bells* shows his weird fancy and his mastery of sound: —

"Hear the tolling of the bells —
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their melody compels!
In the silence of the night
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!

For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people — ah, the people —
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone —
They are neither man nor woman —
They are neither brute nor human —
They are ghouls;
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances, and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells —
Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells —
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme
To the rolling of the bells."

Poe's Prose. — In the realm of prose Poe's critical work shows good analytical powers and a refined taste. He based his judgments on the laws of

literary art, and was not prejudiced by friendship or hope of gain. Following these laws he was able to recognize as geniuses many to whom the literary world in general then gave small credit, but whom to-day it praises. His essays on *The Rationale of Verse* and *The Poetic Principle* are still important. His *Eureka*, an essay on the creation of the material and spiritual universe, is brilliant and ingenious, but founded upon too little knowledge of science to be of value.

Poe's tales are imaginative and allegorical; some are of the nature of detective stories, and others work out a scientific principle. *The Murders in the Rue Morgue* and *A Descent into the Maelstrom* are examples of the two latter classes; *William Wilson*, of the allegorical; and *The Fall of the House of Usher* and *Ligeia* are the highest products of his imagination. *The Fall of the House of Usher* is considered flawless in conception and execution, and consequently marks the summit of his prose art. Wild and terrifying these tales are, and for that reason many people in our own country do not enjoy them; but they are steadily gaining in popularity here, and in France, Spain, and Italy they have been greatly admired.

READING FOR CHAPTER IV

For further information in regard to the Knickerbocker writers (Willis, Halleck, Drake, Paulding), see Barrett Wendell's *Literary History of America*, Chapter VI.

Irving. — *Rip Van Winkle* and *Legend of Sleepy Hollow* in *The Sketch-Book*.

Drake. — *The Culprit Fay.*

Bryant. — *Thanatopsis, To a Waterfowl, Green River, The Death of the Flowers*, and others mentioned in the text.

Cooper. — *The Last of the Mohicans.*

Poe. — *The Gold Bug, The Fall of the House of Usher, The Raven, The Bells.*

CHAPTER V

THE NEW ENGLAND WRITERS

Characteristics. — The New England group of writers includes Longfellow, Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Whittier, Lowell, and Holmes. Descendants of the earlier settlers, most of them of direct Puritan or Pilgrim ancestry, they show in their writings an earnestness of purpose, a depth of thought, a questioning of right and wrong, and a search for spiritual truth, which one would naturally expect from such descent.

But New England of the nineteenth century was no longer the New England of the Puritans. A change had come in religious thought which had brought about greater liberalism than in the days of Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards. Not that all were affected, — many still clung to the stern old beliefs, — but some had broken away from the Puritan ideas to a new religious faith, Unitarianism. **Dr. William Ellery Channing** (1780–1842) was the most eloquent and systematic founder of the new church, and from his Boston pulpit he preached strongly that it is what a person does, and not what he professes to believe, that counts for salvation.

Transcendentalism. — All the great New England writers followed more or less closely the broader religious thought, except Whittier, who clung to

the Quaker belief of his ancestors. Some of them extended their thinking into still wider fields and were called Transcendentalists. This group of people believed that within the mind are certain intuitions that *transcend*, or go beyond, any knowledge of truth that can be learned from books or experience, and that if man will listen to these inward voices, his conduct will be correct and his thoughts spiritual.

The Result of the New Thought. — This daring to think outside of the narrow range of ideas set forth by the Puritans, led to wide miscellaneous reading. German and French philosophy were studied; other religions besides the Christian were investigated; the poetry and fiction of all modern nations were seized upon with interest. The result was the awakening of New England to a broad intellectual life, and the development of writers who had much more feeling for the beautiful and artistic than this section had ever known.

The abolition of slavery in the United States was a subject which deeply affected the writers of this group. **William Lloyd Garrison**, through his paper *The Liberator*, kept the subject earnestly before his countrymen; and **Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe**, by her book called *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, stirred both North and South so powerfully that history reckons it as one of the influences which precipitated our Civil War.

The Lyceum. — Temperance reform and the rights of woman were two other subjects which became

prominent before 1860. Mesmerism and spiritualism also received attention. Plenty of "ideas" were therefore afloat, plenty of subjects to be discussed by lecturer and orator. As some of these subjects were not considered appropriate for discussion in a church, the institution called the lyceum was formed. This organization invited speakers to discuss various subjects in the Town Hall, or other large rooms at its disposal, and at stated times held debates on popular themes. The lyceum and the subjects which it discussed were not confined to New England, but most of the New England writers were lyceum lecturers and became more widely known because of its existence. Thus the lyceum was a means of encouraging literature.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807–1882) was the writer who made poetry popular among his countrymen, and showed them that beauty of expression and Puritan ideals of morality may go hand in hand.

His life was one of comparative ease. Portland, Maine, was his birthplace, and there in a home atmosphere of refinement and love of books he grew to manhood. During his course at Bowdoin College, his father, who was a lawyer, often urged him to become a lawyer also, but the young man felt no inclination for this profession. A few weeks before the close of his college career he wrote home: "I most eagerly aspire after future eminence in literature; my whole soul burns most ardently for it, and every thought centers in it."

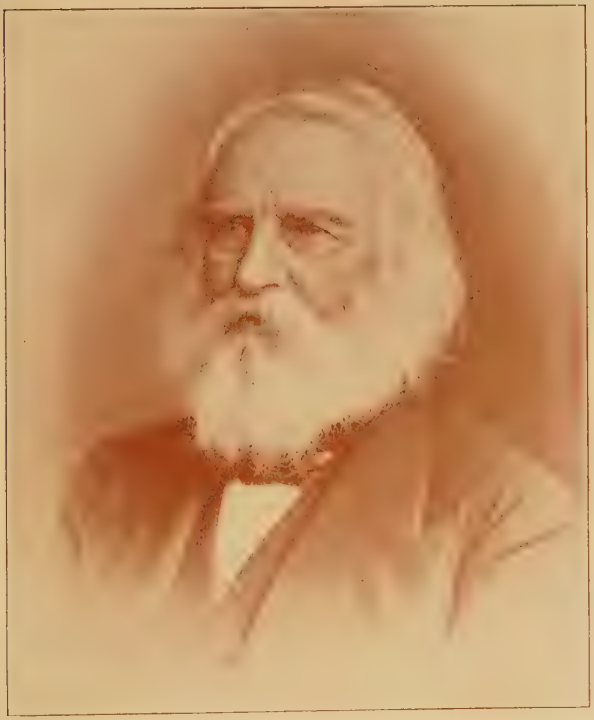
Fortunately for him, the means that led to a gratification of this wish came a few weeks after his graduation, when he was offered the professorship of modern languages at Bowdoin. He at once set sail for Europe to read the best literature of the Old World and prepare himself for his position. He was gone three years, studying in France, Spain, Italy, and Germany, and then took up his duties as teacher.

In 1833 his first book, a translation from the Spanish, was published, as well as *Outre-Mer*, descriptive of his travels on the other side of the ocean.

In 1834 Longfellow was asked to become professor of modern languages at Harvard, and again he went to Europe to prepare for the position. This time he visited several new countries; spent nearly six months in Stockholm and Copenhagen, reading the Swedish, Finnish, and Danish languages; and then went to Holland, where his wife died.

Soon after taking up his duties as professor at Harvard, Longfellow went to live in the Craigie house at Cambridge, which had once been Washington's headquarters, and there he resided until his death. He wrote industriously, and in 1839 published a prose work called *Hyperion*, which gave a veiled account of his meeting in Switzerland with Miss Fanny Appleton, who became his second wife in 1843.

The graciousness of Longfellow's manners, his



Henry W. Longfellow.

sympathy and kindliness of spirit, made him hosts of friends both in the classroom and outside. As his fame as a poet increased, this group was enlarged by admirers from a distance, who made pilgrimages to visit him or showered letters upon him. He made several later trips to Europe, was received in the best society there, and was honored by degrees from the universities of Cambridge and Oxford in England.

Longfellow as a Writer. — Besides *Outre-Mer* and *Hyperion*, Longfellow wrote another prose work called *Kavanagh;* but his position in literature depends upon his poetry rather than his prose.

Longfellow's verse is simple, graceful, and pleasant to read. It can be easily understood, and because of this he attained wide popularity. He has a happy faculty of expressing moral truths, as in *The Psalm of Life* and *St. Augustine's Ladder*, so that they find an echo in every heart. In this way he has helped humanity, and because of this help he deserves to be called great, though he falls short of many of the qualities which the critics require of a master poet. His feelings are not intense; he does not cry out fiercely against human wrongs, but he rather comforts and consoles and teaches a large patience.

Longfellow's Poems. — Many of his earlier poems were translations or verses suggested by his European travels, and because of this his countrymen complained that his poetry was not American. But there was no question of his home interests

after 1847, when *Evangeline* appeared, founded on a tradition of American history, telling a pathetic story of love, with scenes laid in Nova Scotia and various parts of the United States. The delightful domestic pictures in this story, the beautiful descriptions of landscape, the smooth melodious verse, all combined to make the poem exceedingly popular, and it is reckoned as Longfellow's best.

Hiawatha appeared in 1855, and tells in odd verse, copying that of a Finnish poem, the legends of some of the Indian tribes who lived on the borders of Lake Superior. This was a great contribution to American literature, not only because it brings one into close feeling for things Indian and American, — the birch canoe, the eagle, the deer, and the forest, — but because of the interest of the stories which are told with so much charm.

The Courtship of Miles Standish is another American tradition put into pleasing verse. Longfellow himself was a descendant of the Priscilla and John Alden who figure in this poem, and was probably doubly interested in the story on this account. In fact, Longfellow's most popular and best poems have American subjects. Other notable examples are *Paul Revere's Ride* and *The Building of the Ship*. The strong lines at the close of the latter read like the utterance of an impassioned orator and have roused many a one to patriotic fervor: —

"Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

* * * * *

Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee — are all with thee!"

Dramas. — Longfellow's attempts at writing dramas were not very successful. The *Spanish Student* is his best work of this class, and the *Golden Legend* has considerable interest because of its blending of old legends, plays, and scenes of the Middle Ages. It tells the story of Elsie, who was willing to sacrifice her own life to save that of Prince Henry. Other dramas are *The Masque of Pandora*, *The Divine Tragedy*, *Judas Maccabæus*, and *Michael Angelo*.

Sonnets. — For the perfection of Longfellow's work we must turn to his sonnets. These are not so well known as most of his other poems, for the sonnet is a form of verse which appeals only to the cultured few. But when we open the translation of Dante's *Divine Comedy*, which Longfellow

made in his old age, we find as introductions six sonnets of the finest workmanship. Others are among his miscellaneous poems. The choicest one is entitled *Nature*.

Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803–1882) was the deepest thinker of the New England group, and in fact the deepest thinker that America has yet produced.

He came of a long line of Puritan ministers, seven we are told. His father, no longer Puritan but Unitarian, the minister of the First Parish, Boston, died young, and left his family in poverty. Consequently Emerson's early years were spent amid many privations, not the least of which was being obliged to take turns with his brother in wearing the one overcoat which they possessed. There were chores to do both in the house and out, for his mother kept boarders; there was no money to spend for trifles, and not even a sled on which to slide down Beacon Hill.

But he was fond of books, and like the rest of his family, never wavered from the thought that he must have an education. He began his school life at the age of two, and when he was fourteen entered Harvard. There he was reserved and solitary in habits. "A chamber alone," he later wrote, "that was the best thing I found at college." In this room by himself he read what books he pleased and practiced composition, especially the writing of poetry. He gained two prizes for literary work, but did not distinguish himself otherwise.

After graduation he taught for a while, but finding the work distasteful, prepared for the ministry, married, and accepted a charge in Boston which he held three years. At the end of this time his ideas in regard to certain church ordinances led him to resign, and his health being impaired, he went to Europe. On his return he lectured and preached at various places. In 1834 he settled at Concord, Massachusetts, which had been his grandfather's home, and there he lived the rest of his life. He spent his time writing, taking daily strolls in woods and fields, lecturing, and preaching on Sundays wherever opportunity offered.

Emerson early became the acknowledged leader of the Transcendentalists. Lowell tells of the intense delight with which his audiences listened to him: —

"Was it all transcendentalism? magic-lantern pictures on mist? As you will. Those then were what we wanted. But it was not so. The delight and the benefit were that he put us in communication with a larger style of thought . . . gave us ravishing glimpses of an ideal . . . made us conscious of the supreme and everlasting originality of whatever bit of soul might be in any of us. . . . Did they say he was disconnected? So were the stars, that seemed larger to our eyes, still keen with that excitement, as we walked homeward with prouder stride over the creaking snow. . . . Were we enthusiasts? I hope and believe we were, and am thankful to the man who made us worth something for once in our lives. . . . I have heard some great speakers and some accomplished orators, but never any that so moved and persuaded men as he."

As a lecturer, Emerson found his calling. He had a very agreeable voice in speaking, and his high-bred manners added to his charm. In 1847 he was invited to talk in certain English cities, where he made an excellent impression by his sincerity and elevation of thought. Later he lectured in the West and South and went again to Europe. Many honors now came to him from different universities and societies both in Europe and in America. His lectures were published in book form, and his fame as a writer was unquestioned.

In his old age his faculties were much impaired, so that he rarely went from home or saw visitors. But the Sage of Concord, as he was called, was greatly respected and beloved by his townspeople, who, on his death, sincerely mourned him. He was buried in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery at Concord, where a rough bowlder marks his grave.

Emerson's Writings consist of both prose and poetry, but it is through his prose that he has the greatest influence. It is not in style of composition that it excels, for in general the ideas are not well arranged; but it is great because of its thought. Emerson was a philosopher who uttered some of the grandest, most helpful truths. These he flashed forth without much amplification, desiring chiefly to arouse and stimulate his hearers, rather than to give them a perfected system of ideas.

His essays are collected in eleven volumes, which bear various titles, as: *Nature, Representa-*

R. Waldo Emerson

tive Men, Conduct of Life, Society and Solitude. He believed in independent thinking, and in living up to the highest that is in one: "that if the single man plant himself indomitably on his instincts, and there abide, the huge world will come round to him"; that we should walk on our own feet, work with our own hands, and speak our own minds, and that if one does these things, "a nation of men will for the first time exist." These ideas were brought out with a startling newness of expression in an address entitled *The American Scholar*, delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, in 1837, and they were reiterated throughout his later writings. He further believed that character is higher than intellect, that "a great soul will be strong to live as well as strong to think." He intensely loved nature, and believed that man, through solitary communings in field and forest, found his God.

Emerson sometimes wrote with considerable fervor and eloquence. His thoughts are always hopeful for the individual as well as the nation. The reason men have low ideals is because they have not been properly taught: "wake them, and they shall quit the false gods and leap to the true." He sees in the future a time "when the sluggard intellect of this continent will look from under its iron lids and fill the postponed expectation of the world with something better than the exertions of mechanical skill." He has a joy in

the dignity and necessity of labor, and calls that man great who can move other men to think and do great things.

Emerson's Poetry is filled with the same ideas as his prose. It is thoughtful rather than passionate, and like his prose often fails to give a fully developed idea. He had an imperfect ear for music, and his verse sometimes halts and even seems no verse at all; but at times it moves with pure joyousness and freedom, and in richness of ideas it is always fully satisfying. His noble *Concord Hymn* beginning, —

> "By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
> Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
> Here once the embattled farmers stood,
> And fired the shot heard round the world,"—

inscribed on the base of the statue of the minute-man who guards the bridge at Concord, will be remembered as long as America exists as a republic. And *The Rhodora* is worthy to stand with the best short poems in the language.

The Rhodora

On being Asked, "Whence is the Flower?"

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.

Rhodora ! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose !
I never thought to ask, I never knew:
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The self-same Power that brought me there brought you.

This blending of God and nature is a striking characteristic of Emerson's poetry. God is an energy that searches through all nature —

"From Chaos to the dawning morrow;
Into all our human plight,
The soul's pilgrimage and flight;
In city or in solitude,
Step by step, lifts bad to good,
Without halting, without rest,
Lifting Better up to Best."

Emerson's was a great soul, with an imperfect utterance in both prose and poetry.

Henry David Thoreau (1817–1862), the lover of nature and the apostle of simplicity, was born at Concord, Massachusetts. His father was of French descent, a quiet man, maker of good lead pencils. From him Thoreau seems to have derived a certain gravity of conduct, for among his school fellows he earned the title of "judge."

At sixteen he entered Harvard, where his independence of thought kept him aloof from the general college life and he was known as unsocial. He kept a "private journal, or record of thoughts, feelings, studies, and daily experience," in order to

note his development, and through this journal he had an introduction to Emerson, who became his lifelong friend. Thoreau's sister, reading the journal, discovered in it an idea identical with one in a recently delivered lecture by Emerson, and the fact was communicated to the great Transcendentalist, who sought an interview with the young man who seemed so promising.

After leaving college Thoreau taught with his brother in the Concord Academy, but soon gave up teaching, as he did not believe in corporal punishment, and without it the school seemed to be demoralized. During the rest of his life he labored whenever he needed to get money — made pencils, built boats and fences, or surveyed land. He published poems and essays in *The Dial*, a magazine issued by a group of Transcendentalists. He had always been a Transcendentalist at heart, but his natural inclination was doubtless strengthened by his intimacy with Emerson, in whose household he lived in various capacities at different times.

But Thoreau devoted himself principally to the study of nature, taking long walks and distant excursions, one up the Merrimac River, several into the Maine woods and to Cape Cod. His interest in everything wild was remarkable, and was repaid in a manner very satisfactory to him: fish would swim into his hands, birds light upon his hat, and the animals of the forest come to him with confidence.

In 1845, at the age of twenty-seven, he built himself a hut on the shore of Walden Pond, a mile from any Concord neighbor, and there he lived in what he considered the proper way for intellectual and spiritual development. The Transcendentalists all thought that civilized society was organized on wrong lines, and they had made several experiments in forming ideal communities, notably the one at Brook Farm. But Thoreau did not wish to live in a community. Society was what he wished to avoid. During more than two years he lived by himself, working a few hours each day if he considered it necessary, and spending much time in observing nature, meditating, reading, and writing. For though Thoreau loved nature, he loved books too; throughout his life he kept up his interest in old Greek and Latin works, and prized highly the philosophers and poets of Persia and India, whom he read in French and German translations. He never read novels because he said he found no real life in them.

After this experiment at Walden, during which he said his soul grew "like corn in the night," Thoreau lived much as previously, working sometimes and lecturing occasionally. He died of consumption at his father's house in Concord when only forty-four.

Thoreau's Writings consist of passages from the journal which, begun during his college career, he continued throughout his whole life. In this he noted all the various aspects of nature, and

recorded also the thoughts which nature and reflection inspired. This journal made thirty large volumes, but only certain portions of it have been published.

His first published book (1847) was called *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*, and tells of a row-boat excursion which he and his brother made together. It shows Thoreau's keen eye for all details of landscape, his vividness in description, his thoughts on many subjects, but especially his delight in nature. As they floated along, "the world seemed decked for some holiday or prouder pageantry, with silken streamers flying, and the course of our lives to wind on before us like a green lane into a country maze, at the season when fruit-trees are in blossom."

Walden (1854) is his most famous book. It tells why he went to live at Walden Pond, of the building of his house, of the cost of his living, of the sights and sounds in his neighborhood, of his visitors, and of the high thoughts that came to him there. He believed in going deeply into matters; in reading books of wisdom; in throwing aside the superfluities of life and thereby gaining time and money for the things that count for man's higher development. "Simplify, simplify," he says. "Instead of three meals a day, if it be necessary eat but one; instead of a hundred dishes, five; and reduce other things in proportion." He thought a man should not live in the conventional way and do the conventional thing just because

other men did so. He should be individual, follow his dreams, and thus be happy.

Thoreau had the ability to take the most common subject and make it interesting and often beautiful through the quickening power of the imagination. Sometimes his paragraphs are truly poetic, and figures of speech rich, vigorous, and original are abundant. A subtle, dry humor is also a characteristic of his style. His sentences are frequently short and packed full of meaning; but as one of his biographers says, "with all his simplicity and directness of speech, he has an unconscious, almost mystic eloquence which stamps him unmistakably as an inspired writer, a man of true and rare genius."

Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804–1864), the greatest creative genius in literature that America has yet produced, was born in the old witch-haunted town of Salem, Massachusetts. Some of his ancestors, who were stern Puritans, took part in the witch trials of long ago, and Hawthorne's immediate family felt in consequence that a curse lay upon them.

His father, a sea captain, died when Hawthorne was four years old, and his mother ever afterward lived in retirement, showing a disposition which her illustrious son surely inherited. For though when a boy Hawthorne liked to fish and skate, he liked often to be alone, to stay all night by himself in a lonely hut in the Maine woods, where he lived for a time with his uncle. And after his college

career at Bowdoin, when he was again living at Salem, he preferred to shut himself away from the world for twelve years, to eat his meals in solitude in his own room, and to go out only at night. During these years while he lived the life of a recluse in Salem, he read and pondered. He had resolved to make literature his profession and wrote a number of stories and sketches, but they failed to find a publisher.

In 1839 he accepted an appointment in the Boston Custom House, but life there was too irksome. The Transcendentalists were just then preparing for an ideal community at Brook Farm, not far from Boston, and Hawthorne joined them. For a year he milked cows, hoed the garden, talked philosophy, and dreamed, in company with the men and women who made up the Brook Farm circle. Then he returned to Salem, married, and went to Concord. Here he lived in the Old Manse, close by the Concord River which Thoreau loved so well, and near the bridge where the first battle of the Revolution was fought. By this time he had attained some literary recognition. His stories had not only been printed in the magazines, but collected in book form, bearing the title *Twice-Told Tales*. While living in Concord he wrote a new series of tales and sketches, called *Mosses from an Old Manse*.

In 1846 he was again in a custom house, this time in Salem. Here he found material for *The Scarlet Letter*, the first romance that brought him

Nath'l Hawthorne.

worldwide fame. From 1850 to 1852 he lived at Lenox, busily writing all the time and publishing *The House of the Seven Gables.* Then he bought in Concord the place called Wayside, which was his home for the rest of his life, though he actually lived there only a few years. In 1853 he was appointed consul to Liverpool, and a decided change came in his hitherto uneventful life. He now had an opportunity to see Europe. He traveled considerably in England, and after resigning his consulship in 1856, went to Italy for several years. He returned to America in 1860, and died four years afterward.

Hawthorne's Works consist mainly of fiction. He wrote four completed romances — *The Scarlet Letter*, *The Blithedale Romance*, *The House of the Seven Gables*, and *The Marble Faun* — and the collections of sketches and stories called *Twice-Told Tales* and *Mosses from an Old Manse.* He wrote also for children most delightful stories from mythology, history, and biography, called *Tanglewood Tales*, *Grandfather's Chair*, and *Biographical Stories.*

Of works not fiction, *Our Old Home*, descriptive of Hawthorne's life in England, and his *French and Italian Note-Books* and *American Note-Books* are the most important.

Hawthorne as a Novelist. — Hawthorne's strength as a novelist lies in his imagination and his skill in working out a problem of the human conscience. There is an unusual thoughtfulness in his writings:

beneath situation and incidents there usually lies an idea which he is trying to unfold in an allegoric way. In most cases that idea is connected with human wrongdoing, with sin in some form: it is because of the sin of condemning a poor man to be hanged for witchcraft, that the Pyncheon family in *The House of the Seven Gables*, like Hawthorne's own, is followed for generations by misfortune; it is because of sin that Donatello in *The Marble Faun* changes his nature. This working out of the problem is done with artistic and poetic feeling. Light and shade are skillfully managed to suit mood and scene. The words which frame his thoughts are perfectly adapted to them, and so harmoniously arranged that his style is exquisite. Thus Hawthorne is both moralist and artist.

Hawthorne is not clever in sketching characters in the way that many a novelist is. His characters seem vague, visionary, mere pictures often, rather than human beings, but this is because he wished to show us souls rather than bodies, and so spent little time in describing externals — appearances, peculiarities, or manner of speech — unless they in some way were indicative of character.

It is because Hawthorne made this deeper study of mankind, and because his imagination is often weird and fantastic, that some people think him morbid and gloomy. He says of himself that he is a student of human life, and that is what he surely is, catching an underlying meaning from what seem trivial events, and finding a glory and

a beauty in many a somber character. He is attracted, it is true, by situations of unhappiness, but in dealing with them he shows his genius and the depth of his own mind. He is no pessimist, as some would have us believe; but through shadow and darkness and sin — if we interpret him aright — he leads to hope and light.

Critics differ in the choice of Hawthorne's best novel, but nearly all agree that it is not *The Blithedale Romance*. This story is founded on Hawthorne's experience at Brook Farm, and is supposed to portray Margaret Fuller in the character of Zenobia. It is modern in tone, and contains some delightfully realistic humorous touches, though it ends in the tragic drowning of Zenobia.

The scene of *The Marble Faun* is mainly in Rome, and was suggested by Hawthorne's residence in Italy. Donatello's ancestral mansion is the one occupied by Hawthorne himself just outside of Florence. It is said that the book is read by all English-speaking visitors to Rome, as much for its historic as artistic charm.

The Scarlet Letter and *The House of the Seven Gables* are New England stories, the former showing life in the colonial times, and the latter dealing with Hawthorne's own time. *The Scarlet Letter* is often called his masterpiece. No finer chapters can be found in all literature than certain of the chapters in these two books: for instance, chapter xvi in *The House of the Seven Gables*, where by a wonderful grouping of details Hawthorne produces

the gloomy picture which is artistically fit to foreshadow the death of Judge Pyncheon. And then, too, that masterly chapter xviii, in the same book, where he describes Judge Pyncheon sitting dead in the oaken chair! All of Hawthorne's strong characteristics combine in this chapter, but especially are seen his irony and weird fancy, as he taunts the dead Judge with his inability to move or think, imagines ghosts moving about the room, and tells how startled the little mouse is "which sits on its hind legs, in a streak of moonlight, close by Judge Pyncheon's foot, and seems to meditate a journey of exploration over this great black bulk." It is a cat looking in at the window which has startled the mouse, and Hawthorne adds: "This grimalkin has a very ugly look. Is it a cat watching for a mouse, or the devil for a human soul?" It is strange fancies like these that make Hawthorne unique in American literature.

John Greenleaf Whittier (1807–1892) was born near the town of Haverhill, Massachusetts, in a farmhouse shut in on three sides by woods. Not another human dwelling was in sight, and here, with country sounds and country sights about him, grew up the boy who throughout his manhood was to sing so clearly of New England life. He did the ordinary work about the farm, milked the cows and mowed the grass, and attended the village school in winter. He was brought up in the Quaker faith, and hence is commonly called the Quaker Poet.

He wrote poetry when a mere boy, being inspired by a copy of Burns which his schoolmaster lent him, and at seventeen some of his verses were printed in William Lloyd Garrison's paper, published not far from his home. Through these verses Garrison became interested in the youth, and urged his father to give him the best education possible. There was little money available, but by working at shoemaking Whittier managed to attend the Haverhill Academy half a year. Then he went into newspaper work, first in Boston, then in Haverhill, Hartford, and Philadelphia, sometimes as a contributor, sometimes as an editor.

He became interested in politics and in all measures for the uplifting of man. He threw himself with much zeal into the antislavery cause, and several times was in great danger from infuriated mobs. Later he wrote: "I cannot be sufficiently thankful to the Divine Providence that so early called my attention to the great interests of humanity, saving me from the poor ambitions and miserable jealousies of a selfish pursuit of literary reputation." In these days of struggle for slave and freeman he wrote the thoughts that the hour needed, and did not strive for literary art.

Whittier wrote both prose and poetry, but it was through his poems that he touched the hearts of the people most forcibly, as well as satisfied the critics. The last years of his life were spent at Amesbury and Danvers, in Massachusetts, in the financial ease which came from the large sale of

his poems. He never married, but was fortunate in having pleasant relatives to make his home life happy. Trips were often made in summer to the White Mountains, the Isles of Shoals, or to Maine, but on account of the nervous headaches which were his lifelong enemy, Whittier disliked travel and remained at home most of the time. In spite of much ill-health, however, he lived to be nearly eighty-six.

Whittier's Poetry is filled with the true American spirit. It speaks strongly for political and religious freedom and for that bravery of soul which dares to do the right in face of danger. It sings the songs of labor, and upholds the true worth of the individual no matter what his outward circumstances. It bursts forth into indignation at oppression of any kind, and shows firm faith in the power of God to right all wrong. In form it is often too diffuse,— for Whittier did not always know when to stop or how to concentrate his ideas, — yet, at its best, it has an earnestness and forceful eloquence which move one deeply.

Some of his poems are purely religious. Many relate to the antislavery struggle: these are collected under the title, *Voices of Freedom*. Of those written in war time *Barbara Frietchie* is the most popular.

But Whittier wrote on a great variety of subjects. He delighted in old legends of New England — *The Wreck of Rivermouth, Abraham Davenport, Nauhaught, the Deacon, The Changeling, Cassandra*

John J. Wheller

Southwick — stories in which Indians, Quakers, witches, and Puritans figure. *Cassandra Southwick*, the story of a poor Quaker maiden who was condemned to slavery and exile because of her religion, illustrates many of Whittier's characteristics, particularly his faith in God.

"The Lord shall smite the proud, and lay his hand upon the strong.

* * * * * *

But let the humble ones arise — the poor in heart be glad,
And let the mourning ones again with robes of praise be clad,
For He who cooled the furnace, and smoothed the stormy wave,
And tamed the Chaldean lions, is mighty still to save."

Whittier had a faith which, to use his own words, "on the midnight sky of rain" could "paint the golden morrow."

The short story in verse, commonly called the ballad, was Whittier's most natural mode of expression. His *Maud Muller*, *Mary Garvin*, *Marguerite*, *The Witch's Daughter*, *Skipper Ireson's Ride*, everybody knows. But the ballad entitled *Telling the Bees*, though read by fewer persons, is his finest poem of this class. It is pervaded by the quietness and the sadness of the death which is announced at its close; it gives a picture of the "tender light of a day that is dead," in tones so harmonious, in language so simply beautiful, that the poem deserves to rank among the artistic gems of the world:—

"And the chore-girl still
Sung to the bees stealing out and in.

"And the song she was singing ever since
In my ear sounds on: —
'Stay at home, pretty bees, fly not hence!
Mistress Mary is dead and gone.'"

Whittier's *Ichabod*, in which he denounces Daniel Webster for not keeping true to his principles, is one of his strongest short poems. Lines like these could not fail to touch the great orator to the quick, as biography says they did: —

"So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray hairs gone
Forevermore!

* * * * *

"Of all we loved and honored, naught
Save power remains, —
A fallen angel's pride of thought,
Still strong in chains.

"All else is gone; from those great eyes
The soul has fled:
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The man is dead!"

But it is in scenes of everyday life that Whittier has his greatest charm for the many. His *Snow-Bound*, a picture of winter on the farm where he was born, has been read by thousands, and his *Barefoot Boy* "with cheek of tan" and "merry whistled tunes" is so lifelike and familiar that he

seems a child of our own acquaintance. In these homely scenes of New England life Whittier has done his best work, and it is work that has been worthily praised. *In School Days*, which belongs to this group, gives a picture so realistic, so tender in feeling, so harmonious in detail, that Matthew Arnold has called it a perfect poem, and Alfred Tennyson has spoken the same praise of *My Playmate.*

James Russell Lowell (1819–1891) is a brilliant and original writer who clearly represents in both his life and his writings American ideals of thought and action.

He came of the best New England stock, of a family which had settled in Massachusetts in 1639, noted in each generation for practical sense, liberal thought, and earnest character. His father was a clergyman with a large parish in Boston, but he lived, not in Boston, but just across the river on a delightful estate in Cambridge, and there Lowell was born. His mother and his mother's family were fond of poetry and legend, and read Shakespeare and Spenser to the child as they rocked him in his cradle. An anecdote tells of his delight in this performance, and of his vainly trying at the age of three to keep awake that he might listen longer to the music of *The Faerie Queene.*

It is almost needless to say that the boy was well educated. He was graduated from Harvard College at a time when literature was the all-absorbing study there, and to literature Lowell

gave his chief attention through life. He studied law, however, and was admitted to the bar, but he never practiced. In 1841 he published his first volume of poems. In 1844 he married Maria White, whose literary talents and sympathy strengthened his natural inclination for writing. It was about the time of his marriage that he wrote: —

> "I am a maker and a poet;
> I feel it and I know it."

For some time Lowell had been sending both prose and poetry to the periodicals of the day, but as a dollar a page was then considered large pay for a magazine writer, he eked out a livelihood by lecturing on various subjects, but chiefly on those pertaining to literature. Twelve lectures which he delivered in Boston in 1855 on the English poets are especially remembered. They were given both afternoon and evening, and still crowds were turned away from the door of the Lowell Institute, where he spoke.

In 1857, after some months of preparatory study in Europe, Lowell became professor of modern languages at Harvard, and also editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*. From 1864 to 1873 he edited the *North American Review*. In 1877 he entered public life by going first to Spain as minister, and then to England. In both countries his integrity of character and sound common sense won respect for both him and his nation.

Lowell's Poetry shows great force and humor. His humor, especially, made a decided hit in the two series of poems called *The Biglow Papers*. These are written in Yankee dialect, plentifully besprinkled with "wuz" and "sech" and "ain't," and in the first series purport to be the views of Hosea Biglow on the Mexican War, which was then in progress. These views are expressed in no half-hearted way: —

"Ez fer war, I call it murder, —
There you hev it plain an' flat;
I don't want to go no furder
Than my Testyment fer that;
God hez sed so, plump and fairly,
It's ez long ez it is broad,
An' you've gut to git up airly
Ef you want to take in God."

The patriotism and moral fervor which *The Biglow Papers* display, as well as their humor, made them widely quoted in the North, and stamped Lowell as a knight of antislavery. When he wrote *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, to express still further his views on justice and the brotherhood of man, he not only deepened the impression that he was a champion of human rights, but also made it evident that he was an intense lover of nature; for his pictures of summer and winter in the preludes to *Sir Launfal* are full of details that could come only from the heart of a sympathetic observer.

Love of nature is, in fact, one of Lowell's strongest characteristics. *Under the Willows* is so full of it that one pities and envies the poet. *To the Dandelion* also is brimful of this delight, and added to it is the feeling, never absent from his poetry, of the worth that dwells in every human heart. This faith makes him hopeful of the future, when things —

> "sullen, slow, and dumb
> Shall leap to music and to light."

when

> "Life of itself shall dance and play,
> Fresh blood in Time's shrunk veins make mirth,
> And labor meet delight half-way."

He loves the brave man who, in the cause of freedom and justice, will fight with arms, if necessary, or speak boldly his opinion. In the noble *Commemoration Ode*, written in memory of the Harvard College students who were killed in the Civil War, he says: —

> "To front a lie in arms and not to yield,
> This shows, methinks, God's plan
> And measure of a stalwart man,
> Limbed like the old heroic breeds,
> Who stands self-poised on manhood's solid earth.
> Not forced to frame excuses for his birth,
> Fed from within with all the strength he needs."

And again, in *Stanzas on Freedom*: —

> "They are slaves who fear to speak
> For the fallen and the weak;

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They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three."

Force, humor, moral fervor, love for man and nature, faith in God, then, mark Lowell's poetry. It is not always perfect in form, — ideas are not always so connected and developed as to make an artistic whole, — but often there are passages of exquisite beauty.

Lowell's Prose consists of many antislavery papers, and of essays on literary and other subjects, collected in volumes entitled *Among My Books*, *Fireside Travels*, *My Study Windows*, and *Old English Dramatists*.

As an essay writer on miscellaneous subjects, like *My Garden Acquaintance* or *A Good Word for Winter*, Lowell is particularly charming. Happy allusions, rich humor, a wealth of metaphors and other figures of speech, help to make his style interesting, vigorous, and delightful.

As a literary critic he stands in the first rank. He is the greatest that America has yet produced, and is worthy to stand beside many across the water. He knew men and the world as well as books, and that gave him particular fitness for his task. Not only with wide scholarship, but with breadth of sympathy, he discusses authors and their works. His views are his own, the result

of original research. They are given in no dry, pedantic style, but with unconventionality, humor, and electric thrills of wit. Lowell's fame grows more firm as the years advance. As a loyal American citizen, as a scholar, a poet, and an essayist, his country is proud of his name.

Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809–1894), one of the wittiest writers that America has yet produced, was the son of a clergyman. He was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, was prepared for college at Phillips Academy, Andover, and then entered Harvard. Soon after his entrance, he wrote the poem *Old Ironsides*, in which, in an ironical manner, he pleaded for the preservation of the grand old ship *Constitution*. This poem was published in the Boston *Advertiser*, copied all over the country, and not only brought instant fame to Holmes, but saved the ship. After this, his literary standing at college was unquestioned, especially as his scholarship was excellent and he was doing a great deal of writing for the college periodicals.

After he was graduated, he studied law one year, then turned to the more congenial study of medicine, and in order to perfect himself spent three years in the hospitals and lecture rooms of Paris and Edinburgh. On his return to the United States, in 1839, Dr. Holmes was appointed professor of anatomy and physiology at Dartmouth College. He married, and practiced medicine in Boston. In 1847 he became professor of anatomy at Harvard. All the while he found time to write

essays and poems, and to lecture at lyceums throughout the country.

Holmes's Poems. — Although a direct descendant from Governor Dudley and Anne Bradstreet, the Puritan poet, Holmes had a buoyant, lively nature which seemed far removed from such stern ancestry. He was fond of society and good fellowship, and in great request as a toastmaster at the dinners of the medical staff and his college mates. He wrote much of his verse to help the cheer of these social gatherings. More than forty poems for his college class alone are recorded, the most famous of which is *The Boys*. These poems naturally were not of the highest order, but their light humor amused the public whenever they were printed, and the public seemed to expect from him nothing but this kind of verse.

But Holmes sometimes wrote poems of a different class, as *Avis*, *The Voiceless*, *Under the Willows*, *The Last Leaf*, and *The Chambered Nautilus* — poems with pathos mingled with the humor, or serious thought and tender feeling pervading the whole; poems on which must rest his claims to be really a poet.

Of sheer humor, *The One-Hoss Shay* and *Parson Turrell's Legacy* are the best examples. *Contentment*, *The Height of the Ridiculous*, and *The Ballad of the Oysterman* are also well known. Amid the pleasantry of these poems there is usually a touch of genuine feeling which gives them a special character.

Holmes's Prose. — When *The Atlantic Monthly* was started in 1857, Dr. Holmes contributed to it a series of papers called *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, representing the Autocrat giving his views on matters in general to his companions at a boarding-house table. These views were so humorous, so wise, so full of good hits at people's little failings, that they pleased every one. Many of his best poems appeared in this work, for the Autocrat was poet as well as philosopher. The originality and excellence of this series of articles Holmes never surpassed. He followed its general plan, however, in several later books, *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*, *The Poet at the Breakfast Table*, and *Over the Tea Cups*. Two novels which he wrote, *Elsie Venner* (1861) and *The Guardian Angel* (1867), illustrate the influence of heredity; and though they are not great in either character sketching or plot, they give pictures of New England village life which are often diverting. They have been widely read, and *Elsie Venner* has been dramatized.

MINOR WRITERS

There were many minor writers who made a literary background for the greater writers of New England.

William Wetmore Story (1819–1895), son of Chief Justice Story, and a native of Salem, Massachusetts, wrote delightfully both prose and poetry. He was a sculptor and spent much of his life in Italy, where

the picturesque scenes about him, as well as the old legends and myths, took such hold upon his fancy that his writings were inspired largely by Italian or mythological subjects. His poetry is smooth and dreamy, but is generally lacking in originality, beauty of expression, and grandeur of thought. *Pan in Love* is one of his best poems. *Roba di Roma* is a prose account of the city of Rome.

Dr. Josiah Gilbert Holland (1819–1881) was one of the most prominent journalists of his time and the founder of *The Century Magazine*. He wrote novels and poems which are gracious and refined in spirit and earnest in their moral uplift. His poems *Bitter-sweet* and *Kathrina* have been very popular, as well as his novels *Sevenoaks*, *Arthur Bonnicastle*, and *Miss Gilbert's Career*. He was born in Massachusetts, and for some years made Springfield his home.

Richard Henry Dana, Jr. (1815–1882), wrote a story as "good as Robinson Crusoe and all true." It is called *Two Years before the Mast*, and is an account of Dana's own experience on a merchantman which rounded Cape Horn and sailed up the Pacific coast to California. Because of some trouble with his eyes while a student at Harvard, Dana was forced to take the voyage which resulted in the book.

Donald Grant Mitchell (1822–1908), whose pen name was "Ik Marvel," wrote *Reveries of a Bachelor* (1850) and *Dream Life* (1851), which were ex-

ceedingly popular for many years. More modern taste, preferring deeds to dreams, lays the books aside as sentimental, but their charm still attracts some readers. For more than fifty years Mr. Mitchell made his home in New Haven, Connecticut, where his genial personality won many friends.

Edward Everett Hale (1822–1909), a Unitarian clergyman of Boston, has done literary work in great variety. Histories, poems, stories, and editorial writings have come from his pen. Some of his stories have long been classics, as *The Man without a Country* and *My Double and How He Undid Me*. The moral influence of his writings has been very great; for instance, his *Ten Times One is Ten* led to the formation of thousands of charitable clubs.

READING FOR CHAPTER V

Emerson. — Essays: *Self-Reliance*, *Compensation*, *Manners*. Poems: *The Titmouse*, *May-Day*.

Thoreau. — *Walden*, Chapter VI, *Visitors*.

Whittier. — *Snow-Bound*, *The Barefoot Boy*, *Cassandra Southwick*, *In School Days*.

Hawthorne. — *The House of the Seven Gables*, or in *Twice-Told Tales*, *Dr. Heidegger's Experiment*, *The Gray Champion*, *Old Esther Dudley*.

Lowell. — *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, *To the Dandelion*, and *My Garden Acquaintance*, found in *My Study Windows*.

Longfellow. — *Evangeline*, *Building of the Ship*, *Psalm of Life*, *The Wreck of the Hesperus*.

Holmes. — Poems: *Old Ironsides*, *The Chambered Nautilus*, *The Boys*, *Contentment*, *The One-Hoss Shay*. Prose: *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, Chapters II and III.

CHAPTER VI

POETS OUTSIDE OF NEW ENGLAND

Bayard Taylor (1825–1878) is variously ranked among the writers of America, sometimes with the leaders, but usually his position is lower. He was born on a farm at Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, of English-Quaker and German ancestry. As a boy he showed a fondness for reading, wrote poetry at the age of seven, and had such a passion for travel that he envied the birds upon the tree-tops because they had a broader sweep of vision than he could get. His education did not go beyond that furnished by an academy, but he learned the rudiments of German from his relatives, and continued the study at West Chester, where he was apprenticed to a printer.

At the age of nineteen he published a small volume of poems which gave him considerable reputation. Soon afterward, with two friends, he set out for a tour of Europe, with very little money but with great enthusiasm for foreign lands. He was gone two years, tramping from place to place, and supporting himself partly by writing articles for American journals. These articles, under the title *Views Afoot*, he published in book form on his return.

In 1848 we find Taylor settled in New York, working successfully as a reporter and journalist. In 1849 he was sent to California in order that he might write of the mining life there. In 1851 he again sailed for the Old World; he visited many lands, including Egypt, Turkey, India, China, and Japan. He wrote delightful accounts of these travels, and on his return to America became very popular as a lecturer. In a few years he arranged to go abroad again. In fact, his boyhood wish to travel was abundantly fulfilled, and the record of his manhood is a succession of tours to various lands. During one of his trips to Germany he married his second wife, a German girl, Marie Hansen, who proved a most intelligent helpmate, especially in his study of German literature.

In 1878 Taylor was appointed minister to Germany, and he died there before the year was over.

Taylor's Works. — Taylor's reverence for poetry was boundless. He held that no other achievement of man is equal to the creation of a true poem. He believed himself to be a poet, and wrote seriously and conscientiously. In 1866 he published a long poem entitled *The Picture of St. John*, which gave him an assured place among the poets of America. Longfellow called it great, but modern critics show little enthusiasm for it. *The Masque of the Gods* Taylor thought his greatest poem; but *Lars*, a story of Norway with some scenes laid in Pennsylvania, appeals more to the popular fancy and is favorably compared with

Longfellow's *Evangeline*. But none of Taylor's verse became popular as did Longfellow's. He failed to touch the heart like the New Englander. His poems of the Orient are perhaps his best. One of them, the *Bedouin Song*, is justly famous. *Hylas*, which tells the story of the old Greek myth, is most beautiful in conception, expression, and rhythm; and another lyric, *The Song of the Camp*, is well known. Although Taylor's poetry is at present generally neglected, much of it is well worth reading.

Translation of Faust. — The critics unite in commending Taylor's translation of Goethe's *Faust*. He uses the same meter as Goethe, is faithful to the German text, and shows sympathy with the spirit of the poem. The translation is considered a standard work, and gives Taylor a higher place in literature than his other works justify.

Taylor's Prose consists of many volumes descriptive of his travels; of the novels *Hannah Thurston*, *John Godfrey's Fortunes*, and *The Story of Kennett;* a history of Germany; some tales; and critical essays. His novels sold well at the time they were issued; his stories were all good; his literary criticisms were learned and to the point; and always his style was clear and simple.

Walt Whitman (1819–1892), the most eccentric of American writers, was born on Long Island, near Brooklyn. He was the son of a carpenter and builder, and after being for a time printer, schoolmaster, and editor, followed his father's trade

until the breaking out of the Civil War, when he served humanity by becoming an army nurse. After the war he held several government clerkships in Washington, and for the last twenty years of his life lived at Camden, New Jersey, an invalid as the result of a paralytic stroke.

Whitman's Writings. — In 1855 Whitman published some poems under the title *Leaves of Grass*, and from time to time these poems were expanded and other poems added to the collection. He called himself the prophet of democracy, but unfortunately he expressed himself in such a way that the masses for whom he wrote were not attracted. Instead of using rime and meter, Whitman expressed his thoughts in a rude, disjointed style which he called chants. That logical and harmonious grouping of ideas which we call form and art, he disregarded entirely. Therefore many, reading his lines and expecting to find ideas expressed after the time-honored method, saw no poetry at all in what he wrote; while others, approaching him with more sympathy, considered him original and great. This latter view is held in England, where Whitman is regarded as typical of American ideals, or, at least, of what they ought to be. John Addington Symonds, the English critic, writes reverently and enthusiastically of Whitman, saying: "He taught me to comprehend the harmony between the democratic spirit, science, and that larger religion to which the modern world is being led by the conception of human brotherhood.

Walt Whitman

. . . He inspired me with faith, and made me feel that optimism was not unreasonable." He calls Whitman "the teacher of a new way of regarding life, the prophet of a democratic religion, and the poet of a revolutionary school."

Whitman's democracy includes more than the political rights of a people. It embraces education, literature, character, and all things which are important to the development and destiny of man. When he looks at his fellow-countrymen, they are more to him than creatures "born free and equal" under the law. They possess beauty, goodness, and greatness, the low as well as the high, provided each is living a worthy life.

The subjects of Whitman's poetry cover all phases of nature and all sorts and conditions of men.

"Forms, objects, growths, humanities, to spiritual images ripening.
Give, me, O God, to sing that thought,"

he cries in his *Song of the Universal:*

"Health, peace, salvation universal.
Is it a dream?
Nay, but the lack of it the dream,
And failing it life's lore and wealth a dream,
And all the world a dream."

Of all Whitman's verse, that written in memory of Abraham Lincoln is probably best known. One chant beginning, "When lilacs last in the dooryard

bloom'd," and a shorter tribute called *O Captain! My Captain!* must ever be held as true poetry: —

"O Captain! My Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up — for you the flag is flung — for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths — for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here, Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead."

In description Whitman is graphic and strong. *Patrolling Barnegat* illustrates this characteristic, and also his love of the sea: —

"Wild, wild the storm, and the sea high running,
Steady the roar of the gale, with incessant undertone muttering,
Shouts of demoniac laughter fitfully piercing and pealing,
Waves, air, midnight, their savagest trinity lashing,
Out in the shadows there milk-white combs careering,
On beachy slush and sand spirts of snow fierce slanting,
Where through the murk the easterly death-wind breasting,

* * * * * * *

Steadily, slowly, through hoarse roar never remitting,
Along the midnight edge by those milk-white combs careering,
A group of dim, weird forms, struggling, the night confronting,
That savage trinity warily watching."

In *Proud Music of the Storm* we have clearly brought out, as in most of his other poems, how

dearly he loved nature, and how suggestive was her voice. He says: —

"Ah from a little child,
Thou knowest, soul, how to me all sounds became music,
My mother's voice in lullaby or hymn,

* * * * * * *

The rain, the growing corn, the breeze among the long-leav'd corn,
The measur'd sea-surf beating on the sand,
The twittering bird, the hawk's sharp scream,
The wild-fowl's notes at night as flying low migrating north or south.

* * * * * * *

Poems bridging the way from Life to Death, vaguely wafted in night air, uncaught, unwritten,
Which let us go forth in the bold day and write."

Whitman certainly is a genuine poet, and no half-hearted one. To quote from Symonds: "Whitman, working under the conditions of his chosen style, has produced long series of rhythmic utterances, strung together and governed by an inner law of melody. . . . In his happiest moments these periods are perfect poems, to alter which would be to ruin them." The most beautiful of his longer poems is called *Out of the Cradle endlessly Rocking*.

Sidney Lanier (1842–1881) is often regarded as the greatest poet that the South has produced, and certainly in several of his poems he is the peer of any poet in the country. He was born in Macon, Georgia, the son of a lawyer of French

descent, whose ancestors, noted for their musical abilities, had settled in England in the days of Queen Elizabeth. His mother's ancestors were Scotch, and as a gift for music ran in her family also, it is small wonder that Lanier's earliest passion was for music. As a child he learned, almost instinctively, to play on every kind of musical instrument he could find. He devoted himself especially to the flute, but was also entranced by the violin.

He was graduated at Oglethorpe College in Georgia, and became a tutor there. When the Civil War broke out, he enlisted in the Confederate army, took part in many battles, and was finally captured and held a prisoner for many months. After the war he married and taught school for a time, but he began to show signs of consumption, and his remaining life was a heroic struggle with the dread disease.

In spite of all depressing circumstances, however, music and poetry were the two objects which Lanier kept steadily before him. He played the flute in an orchestra in Baltimore — played it so well that his director said: "In his hands the flute no longer remained a mere material instrument, but was transformed into a voice that set heavenly harmonies into vibration." He wrote poems and magazine articles, and traveled to different local climates in search of healing for his lungs.

All these years he diligently studied English literature, and in 1879 was appointed lecturer on

the subject at Johns Hopkins University. Some of these lectures are collected in a volume called *The Science of English Verse*, in which he gives his theories in regard to poetry. His physical condition at this time was so pathetic that it seems almost incredible that he could compose at all; yet besides a well-filled volume of poems, he wrote a number of books for boys — stories from Froissart, King Arthur, the Mabinogion, and Bishop Percy's *Reliques*.

Lanier's Poetry. — As Lanier was a musical genius, music is the striking characteristic of his verse. It is both a virtue and a fault, for often he is so carried away by the sound of his words and lines that the sense becomes confused. His rich, exuberant fancy, too, sometimes leads him into mazes where it is hard to follow; but he is thoroughly poetic, and always lofty in thought, kindling one's enthusiasm for beauty, purity, and nobility of life. Throughout his poems runs a solemn, reverential thought of God. One sees it in nearly all his descriptions of nature, and especially in his greatest poems, *The Marshes of Glynn* and *The Sunrise*.

Lanier has never been a popular poet, possibly because it is a little difficult to enter into his moods; but one of his poems, the *Song of the Chattahoochee*, has always been a favorite. It gives a good picture of the country through which the stream runs, is musical in tone, and high in sentiment. Here are three stanzas of the five that compose the poem: —

"Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
The hurrying rain, to reach the plain,
Has run the rapid and leapt the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accepted his bed, or narrow or wide,
And fled from folly on every side,
With a lover's pain to attain the plain,
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

"All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried, *Abide, abide;*
The willful water weeds held me thrall,
The laurel, slow-laving, turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said *Stay,*
The dewberry dipped for to win delay,
And the little reeds sighed, *Abide, abide,*
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

* * * * * *

"But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And oh, not the valleys of Hall,
Shall hinder the rain from attaining the plain,
For downward the voices of duty call —
Downward to toil and be mixed with the main
The dry fields burn and the mills are to turn,
And a thousand meadows mortally yearn,
And the final main from beyond the plain,
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
And calls through the valleys of Hall."

Owl against Robin, The Crystal, The Revenge of Hamish, and *Corn* are further examples of Lanier's moods and methods. *Corn* shows the irregular

meter which he commonly used, and his richness of thought.

The world is looking for poets in our land who are truly American. If by that is meant poets who do not copy the singers of the Old World, then Lanier has given us poetry which, with the poems of Poe and Whitman, may form the nucleus of an American School.

LESSER POETS

The Cary Sisters, Alice (1820–1871) and Phœbe (1824–1871), wrote graceful, melodious poems which attracted many readers. They were born in Ohio, but after 1850 lived in New York City, where the charm of their personality attracted many people to their weekly receptions. Alice Cary excels particularly in descriptive poetry. Her best pieces are those which sketch the life and scenery which she knew in childhood.

Thomas Buchanan Read (1822–1872), of Pennsylvania, would perhaps have been a greater poet had he given his time entirely to literature, but he was painter as well as poet, and devoted much time to his brush. He lived often in Italy, and that country inspired his best work, including *Brushwood* and *The Appian Way*. *Drifting* and *Sheridan's Ride* are his most popular poems.

Henry Timrod (1829–1867) and **Paul Hamilton Hayne** (1830–1886), both natives of Charleston, South Carolina, wrote verse showing many excellent characteristics. Timrod's subjects, though

generally trifling, are handled with true and lofty poetic feeling. His best-known poem is *The Cotton Boll*, in which he sings the praises of the Southland and the value of the cotton which makes the Southland great —

"In white and bloodless state."

Hayne specially loved nature and pictured her moods with admiring faithfulness and reverence, singing in beautiful lines of mocking birds and magnolia gardens, of woodland ways and tossing sea. He has written as fine bits as any American poet. The sonnet was his favorite verse form.

Richard Henry Stoddard (1825–1903), though a native of Massachusetts, spent most of his life in New York City. His father was a sea captain, and love for the sea is shown in many of his poems.

"I love thee, Ocean, and delight in thee,
Thy color, motion, vastness, — all the eye
Takes in from shore, and on the tossing waves,"

he tells us in his *Hymn to the Sea*. *The Fisher and Charon* is one of his best long poems, beautiful in its ideal of deathless love and love that braves death.

READING FOR CHAPTER VI

Taylor. — *The Song of the Camp, Bedouin Song, The Garden of Irem, The Old Pennsylvania Farmer.*

Whitman. — *O Captain! My Captain! Proud Music of the Storm.*

Lanier. — *Owl against Robin, Song of the Chattahoochee, The Marshes of Glynn.*

CHAPTER VII

THE ORATORS

In a country like ours the conditions are naturally favorable for the development of oratory. Government by the people, freedom in religion, and the right to assemble peaceably and give one's views on various matters, naturally lead to the discussion of many questions, both in the halls of legislature and on the lecture platform. America has therefore been particularly rich in orators. The subjects of slavery, temperance, and religion have each called forth earnest, eloquent appeals from men and women.

In the field of political oratory the names of Clay, Calhoun, and Webster usually come first to mind, for these three men fought in the United States Senate the battles of slavery and freedom, states-rights and union, in a conflict familiar to all Americans.

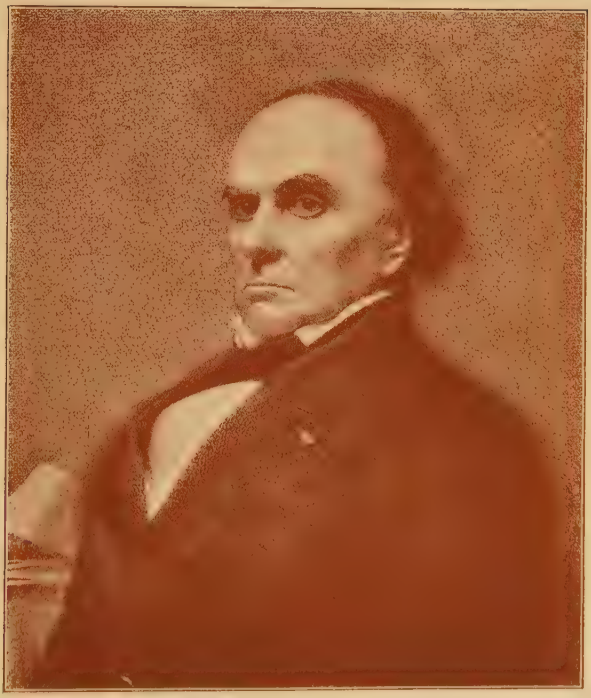
But oratory is not always literature. Its effect to so large an extent depends on the personality, voice, and manner of the speaker, as well as on the occasion which gives rise to it, that many orations which filled the hearers with enthusiasm seem dull and lifeless when read in print. Henry Clay's charm, unfortunately for us of this later generation, came more from his personal magnetism than the

literary worth of his sentences; and John C. Calhoun's power lay in the force of his logic and his keen and merciless debate. Webster's fame, however, rests not only on personality and logic, but on an enduring literary style. With him as great orators must be mentioned Everett and Choate.

Daniel Webster (1782–1852) was the greatest of the three, and the greatest orator that America has yet produced. Indeed, his fame is not only national, but world-wide.

He was born on a farm in New Hampshire, was graduated at Dartmouth College, studied law, and in 1816 went to Boston to live. From 1827 until 1852, with the exception of four years, two of which he was Secretary of State, he represented Massachusetts in the United States Senate. His speeches, whether in the courtroom, in the Senate, or before a general audience, are uniformly great, classical in form, and alive with the eloquence which comes from the subject, the occasion, and the hour. His Plymouth oration in 1820, his address at the laying of the cornerstone of Bunker Hill Monument in 1825, and his reply to Hayne in the Senate in 1830 are among his famous utterances.

The literary value of his addresses comes from largeness of intellect, greatness of soul, depth of feeling, and breadth of imagination, expressed in a forceful and finished style. His words are choice and picturesque; and harmonious, well-composed sentences roll on with the majesty of the sea.



Daniel Webster

"Who does not rank him as a great American author?" asks Choate, in his eulogy; "an author as truly expounding, and as characteristically exemplifying, in a pure, genuine, and harmonious English style, the mind, thought, point of view of objects, and essential nationality of his country as any of our authors professedly so denominated?"

Edward Everett (1794–1865) was the most polished, most scholarly of our orators, and an all-around man of affairs as well as a student, as a brief chronological survey of his life will show.

He was born in Dorchester, Massachusetts; was graduated at Harvard; ordained a Unitarian clergyman; became professor of Greek at Harvard; edited the *North American Review;* was for ten years member of Congress; for four years governor of Massachusetts; for four years minister to England; was Secretary of State; president of Harvard College; senator from Massachusetts; and in 1860 was nominated for the vice presidency of the United States.

His beauty and dignity of person, his rich voice and perfect utterance of words were part of his attraction as an orator; but, to quote from Emerson, it was "the richness of a rhetoric which we have never seen rivaled in this country" which held his hearers spellbound. He had the depth and breadth of thinking which his ripe scholarship would lead one to expect, a keen sense of beauty, and the ability to present his ideas in finished literary form. His addresses were perfect. Those

published comprise four volumes; among them may be mentioned *The Circumstances Favorable to the Progress of Literature in America*, and the oration on the *Fiftieth Anniversary of the Declaration of Independence of the United States of America.*

Rufus Choate (1799–1859), a Massachusetts man, a lawyer of wonderful gifts, and United States senator, was such a wizard in oratory that those who heard him speak say no adequate idea of his brilliancy can be obtained from reading his addresses. In them, however, we note a beauty and power of expression which is given to few men. One of his peculiarities is the use of the long, complex sentence in which by picture after picture, and idea after idea, he tries to make one feel and see as he does. Although his life was very busy, he devoted a portion of each day to the study of literature, history, and philosophy, and thus trained himself for the brilliant effects which he produced. He was a great admirer of Webster, and several speeches on that statesman's life and fame are among his collected orations.

Among the clergymen, **William Ellery Channing** (1780–1842), the leader of the early Unitarians, ranks with the best pulpit orators of his time; and **Theodore Parker** (1810–1860), also a Unitarian, became prominent for his bold, forceful attacks on superstition and slavery. **Henry Ward Beecher** (1813–1887), for many years pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, held great audiences spell-

bound by the magnetism of his personality and his sympathetic, eloquent appeals for the uplifting of humanity. **Phillips Brooks** (1835–1893), Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Massachusetts, beloved for his personality as well as his oratory, possessed in an unusual degree the power of penetrating the feelings of his audiences. He produced his electrical effects by a combination of depth of thought, insight of soul, and sympathetic expression.

Abraham Lincoln (1809–1865), though the maker of many speeches, is remembered in literature for his *Gettysburg Address*, which for its simple style, genuine feeling, and sublime thought is counted among the classics of the English language.

Wendell Phillips (1811–1884) and **Charles Sumner** (1811–1874) were both antislavery orators and Boston men who sacrificed a great deal of social prestige by their public utterances. Phillips was noted for brilliancy and polish of style, and for a fiery eloquence which, in spite of exaggeration of facts and sometimes reckless judgments, carried all before it. After the Civil War he lectured on various subjects. His greatest lecture was *The Lost Arts*. After 1850 most of Sumner's addresses were political; before that they were miscellaneous. His thoughts were lofty; and his style, though rather heavy, was beautiful, with stately allusions to history and the classics. *Fame and Glory* and *True Grandeur of Nations* are among his best addresses.

George William Curtis (1824–1892) was a most delightful speaker on many topics. His *Duty of the American Scholar to Politics and the Times* is a good example of the literary quality of his addresses, while his eulogies on Sumner, Wendell Phillips, Bryant, and Lowell mark his highest skill. Curtis's whole life was devoted to literature in one form or another. Outside of his addresses, the story called *Prue and I* is considered his masterpiece.

READING FOR CHAPTER VII

In the small volumes called *American Orations*, edited by Johnston and Woodburn, and published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, will be found a collection of the choicest American orations.

Webster. — *First Bunker Hill Oration.*

Everett.— *The Circumstances Favorable to the Progress of Literature in America.*

Choate. — *Eulogy on Webster.*

CHAPTER VIII

THE HISTORIANS

The manner of writing history differs in different periods. In the earliest ages in England, historical writing was nothing more than the dry chronicle of public events; then it became more elaborate in description, though still rather uninteresting reading. In modern times, in both England and America, we find certain histories of such literary merit that they cannot be overlooked even in the most general survey of literature. Our great American historians are Prescott, Motley, Bancroft, and Parkman, all Massachusetts men, and all graduates of Harvard.

William Hickling Prescott (1796–1859) worked under very discouraging circumstances. While he was at college, a crust of bread thrown across the table injured one eye, and the other was affected to such an extent that he became almost totally blind. He acquired information, therefore, almost wholly from hearing people read, and whatever he composed himself was dictated to an amanuensis.

Prescott became interested in Spanish history from hearing Professor Ticknor of Harvard read the lectures on Spanish literature which he was then giving to some of his advanced classes, and

forthwith resolved to write a history of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain. After more than ten years of patient effort, the work was at last ready. It appeared in 1837, and was followed by *The Conquest of Mexico* (1843), *The Conquest of Peru* (1847), and *The History of Philip the Second* (1855).

Prescott is a master of the art of narrative. Few novels surpass some chapters of his histories in intensity of interest. His style is brilliant, picturesque, stimulating to the imagination. The accuracy of his facts may sometimes be questioned, for modern research has brought to light documents of which he had no knowledge, but he makes us so interested in history that we thirst for more.

The following quotation is from that part of the history of Ferdinand and Isabella which describes the surrender of Granada: —

"Every preparation was made by the Spaniards for performing this last act of the drama with suitable pomp and effect. . . . On the morning of the 2d, the whole Christian camp exhibited a scene of the most animating bustle. The grand cardinal Mendoza was sent forward at the head of a large detachment, comprehending his household troops, and the veteran infantry grown gray in the Moorish wars, to occupy the Alhambra preparatory to the entrance of the sovereigns. . . .

"As the column under the grand cardinal advanced up the Hill of Martyrs, over which a road had been constructed for the passage of the artillery, he was met by the Moorish prince Abdallah, attended by fifty cavaliers, who, descending the hill,

rode up to the position occupied by Ferdinand on the banks of the Xenil. As the Moor approached the Spanish king, he would have thrown himself from his horse and saluted his hand in token of homage; but Ferdinand hastily prevented him, embracing him with every mark of sympathy and regard. Abdallah then delivered up the keys of the Alhambra to his conqueror, saying, 'They are thine, O king, since Allah so decrees it: use thy success with clemency and moderation.' Ferdinand would have uttered some words of consolation to the unfortunate prince, but he moved forward with a dejected air to the spot occupied by Isabella, and, after similar acts of obeisance, passed on to join his family, who had preceded him with his most valuable effects on the route to the Alpujarras."

Then follows the account of the entrance of Ferdinand and Isabella into Granada.

"In the meanwhile the Moorish king, traversing the route of the Alpujarras, reached a rocky eminence which commanded a last view of Granada. He checked his horse, and, as his eye for the last time wandered over the scenes of his departed greatness, his heart swelled, and he burst into tears. 'You do well,' said his more masculine mother, 'to weep like a woman for what you could not defend like a man!' 'Alas!' exclaimed the unhappy exile, 'when were woes ever equal to mine!' The scene of this event is still pointed out to the traveller by the people of the district; and the rocky height from which the Moorish chief took his sad farewell of the princely abodes of his youth is commemorated by the poetical title of *El ultimo Sospiro del Moro*, 'The Last Sigh of the Moor.'"

John Lothrop Motley (1814–1877), after being graduated at Harvard, went to Germany for two years, then became a lawyer, wrote two unsuccessful novels, went to St. Petersburg as secretary of

the American legation, and finally became so absorbed in the history of Holland that he felt it "necessary to write a book on the subject, even if it were destined to fall dead from the press." Accordingly he went to Europe and for five years searched in several cities for the records of Holland's history. The result was *The Rise of the Dutch Republic* (1856). Then came the *History of the United Netherlands* (1860–1868), and *The Life and Death of John of Barneveld* (1874).

This series shows Motley's enthusiasm for American ideals — freedom of thought, of speech, and of life. He is brilliant and vivid in description, and strongly partisan in his praise or blame of the picturesque figures that crowd his pages. The following short quotation from his dramatic account of the fall of Antwerp will suggest his style: —

"Never was there a more monstrous massacre, even in the bloodstained history of the Netherlands. It was estimated that in the course of this and the two following days, not less than eight thousand human beings were murdered. The Spaniards seemed to cast off even the vizard of humanity. Hell seemed emptied of its fiends. Night fell upon the scene before the soldiers were masters of the city, but worse horrors began after the contest was ended. This army of brigands had come thither with a definite, practical purpose, for it was not blood-thirst, nor lust, nor revenge, which had impelled them, but it was avarice, greediness for gold. For gold they had waded through all this blood and fire. Never had men more simplicity of purpose, more directness in its execution. They had conquered their India at last; its golden mines lay all before them, and every sword should open a shaft. . . . They had come to take possession of the city's wealth, and

they set themselves faithfully to accomplish their task. For gold, infants were dashed out of existence in their mothers' arms; for gold, parents were tortured in their children's presence; for gold, brides were scourged to death before their husbands' eyes."

George Bancroft (1800–1891) became, in 1822, a tutor of Greek at Harvard after several years of study in Germany, and the next year opened a school for boys at Northampton, Massachusetts. Seven years of school-mastering proved sufficient, however, and he gave up teaching and began writing a history of the United States. The first volume appeared in 1834, the tenth and last in 1874.

Bancroft's knowledge of political affairs and his great executive ability made him eminently fitted for political positions. From 1838 to 1841 he was collector for the port of Boston, and did his work with a thoroughness never before equaled. In 1845 he became Secretary of the Navy and founded the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. From 1846 to 1849 he was minister to England, and took this opportunity to secure much material for his history. He pronounced the eulogy on Lincoln before Congress in 1866, and in 1867 went to Prussia as minister.

Bancroft's *History of the United States* is not entertaining like Prescott's histories. It is more formal and exact, and goes into minute details in regard to many matters. Though there are ten volumes, Bancroft tells the history of our country only to the beginning of Washington's administra-

tion. After describing Washington's trip from Mount Vernon to New York, and giving some account of his inauguration as President, the last volume closes with these words: —

"In America a new people had risen up without king, or prince, or nobles, knowing nothing of tithes and little of landlords, the plough being for the most part in the hands of free holders of the soil. They were more sincerely religious, better educated, of serener minds, and of purer morals than the men of any former republic. By calm meditation and friendly councils they had prepared a constitution which, in the union of freedom with strength and order, excelled every one known before; and which secured itself against violence and revolution by providing a peaceful method for every needed reform. In the happy morning of their existence as one of the powers of the world, they had chosen justice for their guide; and while they proceeded on their way with well-founded confidence and joy, all the friends of mankind invoked success on the unexampled endeavor to govern states and territories of imperial extent as one federal republic."

Francis Parkman's life (1823–1893) is a striking example of perseverance in the face of difficulties. In early life he became very much interested in the history of the Indians and of the French in North America. He impaired his eyesight by too much reading, and then by living with the Indians of the Northwest and enduring their hardships he ruined his health. In *The Oregon Trail* (1849) he tells of his Western experiences. The one object of his life — to write on the subjects in which he had shown a boyhood interest — never left him, and in the intervals between his various

Francis Parkman

illnesses he renewed his acquaintance with the Indians, visited the region between Quebec and Lake George, and made trips to Paris to collect material for his books. *The Conspiracy of Pontiac* appeared first (1851); then long years of ill health prevented further publication until 1865, when *The Pioneers of France in the New World* was printed. Following in succession came *The Jesuits in North America*, *The Discovery of the Great West*, *The Old Régime*, *Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV*, *Montcalm and Wolfe*, and *A Half-Century of Conflict*.

Parkman's histories are both accurate in fact and attractive in style. He is clear, straightforward, easy to comprehend, and tells a story in the eager, interested manner of a personal witness.

In his account of the attack by the French on Fort William Henry, which guarded the head-waters of Lake George, he narrates the following incident: —

"About ten o'clock at night two boats set out from the fort to reconnoitre. They were passing a point of land on their left, two miles or more down the lake, when the men on board descried through the gloom a strange object against the bank; and they rowed towards it to learn what it might be. It was an awning over the bateaux that carried Roubaud and his brother missionaries. As the rash oarsmen drew near, the bleating of a sheep in one of the French provision-boats warned them of danger; and turning, they pulled for their lives towards the eastern shore. Instantly more than a thousand Indians threw themselves into their canoes and dashed in hot pursuit, making the lake and the mountains ring with the din of their war-whoops. The fugitives had nearly

reached land when their pursuers opened fire. They replied; shot one Indian dead, and wounded another; then snatched their oars again, and gained the beach. But the whole savage crew was upon them. Several were killed, three were taken, and the rest escaped in the dark woods. The prisoners were brought before Montcalm, and gave him valuable information of the strength and position of the English.

"The Indian who was killed was a noted chief of the Nipissings; and his tribesmen howled in grief for their bereavement. They painted his face with vermilion, tied feathers in his hair, hung pendants in his ears and nose, clad him in a resplendent war-dress, put silver bracelets on his arms, hung a gorget on his breast with a flame-colored ribbon, and seated him in state on the top of a hillock, with his lance in his hand, his gun in the hollow of his arm, his tomahawk in his belt, and his kettle by his side. Then they all crouched about him in lugubrious silence. A funeral harangue followed; and next a song and solemn dance to the booming of the Indian drum. In the gray of the morning they buried him as he sat, and placed food in the grave for his journey to the land of souls."

READING FOR CHAPTER VIII

Prescott. — *Ferdinand and Isabella*, Vol. II, Chap. XV, *Siege and Surrender of the City of Granada*, pp. 94–105.

Motley. — *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, Vol. II, Chap. II, *The Relief of Leyden*, pp. 557–576.

Bancroft. — *History of the United States*, Vol. IV, Chap. X, *To Lexington and Concord, and Back to Boston.*

Parkman. — *Montcalm and Wolfe*, Vol. I, Chap. XV. This chapter gives the account of the capture of Fort William Henry which Cooper embodies in his novel *The Last of the Mohicans.*

LITERATURE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

WRITERS PROMINENT BEFORE 1870

POETRY

1. William Cullen Bryant, 1794–1878: *Thanatopsis; Translation of Iliad and Odyssey.*
2. Joseph Rodman Drake, 1795–1820: *The Culprit Fay.*
3. Fitz-Greene Halleck, 1790–1867: *Marco Bozzaris; Fanny.*
4. Lydia Huntly Sigourney, 1791–1865.
5. Frances Sargent Osgood, 1811–1850: *A Dancing Girl; Calumny.*
6. James Gates Percival, 1795–1856: *The Dream of Day and Other Poems.*
7. Edward Coate Pinkney, 1802–1828: *A Health; Poems.*
8. Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1803–1882: *Threnody; May Day and Other Pieces.*
9. Nathaniel P. Willis, 1806–1867: *Sacred Poems.*
10. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, 1807–1882: *Hiawatha; Courtship of Miles Standish; Evangeline.*
11. John Greenleaf Whittier, 1807–1892: *Snow-Bound; Ballads.*
12. Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1809–1894: *Old Ironsides; The One-Hoss Shay; Wind-Clouds and Star-Drifts.*
13. Edgar Allan Poe, 1809–1849: *The Raven; The Bells.*
14. John Godfrey Saxe, 1816–1887: *The Money King and Other Poems.*
15. James Russell Lowell, 1819–1891: *The Vision of Sir Launfal; Commemoration Ode.*
16. Jones Very, 1813–1880: *Poems.*
17. Walt Whitman, 1819–1892: *Leaves of Grass.*
18. Thomas Buchanan Read, 1822–1872: *Sheridan's Ride; Drifting.*
19. Philip Pendleton Cooke, 1816–1850: *Froissart Ballads and Other Poems.*
20. William Wetmore Story, 1819–1895: *Nature and Art; Poems.*
21. Thomas William Parsons, 1819–1881: *The Old House at Sudbury; Translation of Dante's Divine Comedy.*
22. Alice Cary, 1820–1871: *Lyra and Other Poems.*
23. Phœbe Cary, 1824–1871: *Poems of Faith, Hope, and Love.*
24. Bayard Taylor, 1825–1878: *Lars, a Pastoral of Norway; Translation of Faust.*
25. Henry Timrod, 1829–1867: *The Cotton Boll; Carolina.*
26. Paul Hamilton Hayne, 1830–1886: *Legends and Lyrics; Sonnets.*
27. Margaret J. Preston, 1825–1897: *Old Songs and New; Colonial Ballads.*
28. Richard Henry Stoddard, 1825–1903: *Songs of Summer.*

29. Sidney Lanier, 1842–1881: *The Marshes of Glynn; The Sunrise.*
30. Authors remembered for single poems:
    a. Samuel Woodworth, 1785–1842: *The Old Oaken Bucket.*
    b. George P. Morris, 1802–1864: *Woodman, Spare That Tree.*
    c. John Howard Payne, 1791–1852: *Home, Sweet Home.*
    d. Francis Scott Key, 1779–1843: *The Star-Spangled Banner.*
    e. Richard Henry Wilde, 1789–1847: *My Life is like the Summer Rose.*

PROSE

I. *The Novel and Story*

1. Washington Irving, 1783–1859: *The Sketch-Book; Knickerbocker's History of New York.*
2. James Kirke Paulding, 1779–1860: *The Dutchman's Fireside.*
3. James Fenimore Cooper, 1789–1851: *The Spy; The Pilot; The Leather-Stocking Tales.*
4. Catherine Maria Sedgwick, 1780–1867: *Hope Leslie; Redwood.*
5. Richard Henry Dana, 1787–1879: *Tom Thornton; Paul Fenton.*
6. William Gilmore Simms, 1806–1870: *The Partisan; Beauchampe; The Yemassee.*
7. Nathaniel Hawthorne, 1804–1864: *The Scarlet Letter; The Marble Faun.*
8. Lydia Maria Child, 1802–1880: *The Rebels.*
9. John Pendleton Kennedy, 1795–1870: *Swallow Barn; Horse-Shoe Robinson.*
10. Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1809–1894: *Elsie Venner; The Guardian Angel.*
11. Harriet Beecher Stowe, 1812–1896: *Uncle Tom's Cabin; The Minister's Wooing.*
12. Richard Henry Dana, Jr., 1815–1882: *Two Years before the Mast.*
13. Josiah Gilbert Holland, 1819–1881: *Arthur Bonnicastle; The Story of Sevenoaks.*
14. Donald Grant Mitchell, 1822–1908: *Reveries of a Bachelor; Dream Life.*
15. Edward Everett Hale, 1822–1909: *The Man without a Country; Philip Nolan's Friends.*
16. George William Curtis, 1824–1892: *Prue and I.*
17. Bayard Taylor, 1825–1878: *Hannah Thurston; Story of Kennett.*
18. John T. Trowbridge, 1827–1916: *Neighbor Jackwood.*
19. John Esten Cooke, 1830–1886: *Henry St. John; The Virginia Comedians.*
20. Augusta Evans Wilson, 1835–1909: *Beulah; St. Elmo.*
21. Theodore Winthrop, 1828–1861: *John Brent; Cecil Dreeme.*

II. *Description of Nature*

1. Henry David Thoreau, 1817–1862: *Walden; A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers; Cape Cod.*

III. *Orations*

1. William Ellery Channing, 1780–1842: *Sermons.*
2. Henry Clay, 1777–1852: *Speeches.*
3. John C. Calhoun, 1782–1850: *Speeches.*
4. Rufus Choate, 1799–1859: *Eulogy on Webster.*
5. Robert Young Hayne, 1791–1839: *Speeches.*
6. Daniel Webster, 1782–1852: *Reply to Hayne; Bunker Hill.*
7. Edward Everett, 1794–1865: *Orations and Speeches.*
8. Theodore Parker, 1810–1860: *Speeches, Addresses, and Occasional Sermons.*
9. Abraham Lincoln, 1809–1865: *Gettysburg Address.*
10. Wendell Phillips, 1811–1884: *Lost Arts; Toussaint L'Ouverture.*
11. Charles Sumner, 1811–1874: *Fame and Glory; True Grandeur of Nations; Political Speeches.*
12. Henry Ward Beecher, 1813–1887: *Sermons; Army of the Republic; Wendell Phillips.*
13. Robert Charles Winthrop, 1809–1894: *250th Anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims; Addresses and Speeches.*
14. Phillips Brooks, 1835–1893: *Essays and Addresses, Religious, Literary, and Social.*

IV. *History and Biography*

1. William Wirt, 1772–1834: *Life of Patrick Henry*, 1817.
2. William Ellery Channing, 1780–1842: *Life and Character of Napoleon Bonaparte.*
3. Washington Irving, 1783–1859: *The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus; Life of Washington.*
4. William Hickling Prescott, 1796–1859: *History of Ferdinand and Isabella; Conquest of Mexico.*
5. James Gorham Palfrey, 1796–1881: *History of New England.*
6. George Bancroft, 1800–1891: *History of the United States.*
7. Lydia Maria Child, 1802–1880: *History of the Condition of Women in All Ages and Nations.*
8. John S. C. Abbott, 1805–1877: *History of Napoleon Bonaparte; The French Revolution of 1789.*
9. Richard Hildreth, 1807–1865: *History of the United States.*
10. Benson J. Lossing, 1813–1891: *Life of Washington; Field Book of the Revolution.*
11. John Lothrop Motley, 1814–1877: *The Rise of the Dutch Republic.*
12. Francis Parkman, 1823–1893: *The Conspiracy of Pontiac; Pioneers of France in the New World; Montcalm and Wolfe.*

13. John Esten Cooke, 1830–1886: *Life of General Lee; Virginia, a History of the People.*
14. John Fiske, 1842–1901: *The American Revolution.*
15. Horace E. Scudder, 1838–1903: *Life of Noah Webster; A History of the United States.*

V. *Essays*

1. Alexander H. Everett, 1799–1847: *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays.*
2. Amos Bronson Alcott, 1799–1888: *Essays; Table Talk.*
3. Margaret Fuller Ossoli, 1810–1850: *Woman in the Nineteenth Century; Art, Literature, and the Drama.*
4. James Freeman Clarke, 1810–1888: *Self-Culture.*
5. James T. Fields, 1817–1881: *Yesterdays with Authors; Underbrush.*
6. Richard Grant White, 1822–1885: *Words and Their Uses; Every-day English.*
7. Edwin Percy Whipple, 1819–1886: *Literature and Life.*
8. George William Curtis, 1824–1892: *Potiphar Papers.*
9. Charles Dudley Warner, 1829–1900: *My Summer in a Garden; Backlog Studies.*
10. Richard Henry Stoddard, 1825–1903: *Under the Evening Lamp.*

CHAPTER IX

LATER WRITERS

EVENTS SINCE 1870

Grant's administration, 1869–77.
- The Pacific Railroad completed, 1869.
- Fifteenth Amendment, 1870.
- Centennial Exhibition, 1876.

Hayes's administration, 1877–81.
- Great railroad strikes, 1877.
- The telephone in use, 1877.
- Resumption of specie payment, 1879.

Garfield's and Arthur's administrations, 1881–85.
- Assassination of Garfield, 1881.
- Civil service reform, 1883.

Cleveland's administration, 1885–89.
- Anarchist riot, Chicago, 1886.
- Statue of Liberty completed at New York, 1886.

Harrison's administration, 1889–93.
- Wyoming admitted to the Union, having full woman suffrage, 1890.
- Mormon Church renounces polygamy, 1890.

Cleveland's second administration, 1893–97.
- Opening of Columbian Exposition, 1893.
- Financial panic, 1893.
- Settlement of our control of Behring Sea, 1893.

McKinley's and Roosevelt's administrations, 1897–1905.
- War with Spain, 1898–99.
- Assassination of President McKinley, 1901.
- Anthracite coal strike, 1902.
- Panama Canal Treaty, 1904.

Roosevelt's second administration, 1905–09.
- Investigation of trusts.
- Atlantic Squadron sailed around the world.
- Pure food laws enacted.

Taft's administration, 1909–13.
- Fishery dispute with Great Britain settled at The Hague, 1910.
- Troops sent to Mexican border.
- The United States mediates between Peru and Ecuador.

Wilson's administration, 1913–21.
- Increase of self-government given to the Philippines, 1913.
- The Chinese republic recognized.
- Threatened war with Mexico averted by joint action of Argentina, Brazil, and Chile, 1914.
- Congress decides United States' ships using Panama Canal must pay toll.
- War declared against Germany, 1917.
- Armistice with Germany, November, 1918.
- The Senate refuses to accept The League of Nations' Treaty, 1920.

When one attempts to enumerate the writers who have been prominent since the days when Longfellow and his contemporaries were in their prime, one is confronted by a bewildering multiplicity of names. Much good writing of every modern type has been done, and our literature may be said to have become national if we consider that all sections of our country have been represented, especially in the short story and the novel. Stories of the South, the West, the Pacific coast, the Middle States, and New England have found their way into magazines and pretentious volumes; the lives of high and low in social rank have been depicted; and hardly an occupation or an environment has escaped a writer.

The Poets. — The novel and the short story without doubt have been, and still are, the leading forms of American literature. With the cutting down of the forests, song has grown faint and weak. We have become too much interested in science, business, and mechanical arts, perhaps, to encourage dreamers. Certainly we have had in recent years no poets who can unhesitatingly be called great. Edward Rowland Sill (1841–1887) wrote well many a thoughtful poem filled with good description and picturesque phrases; Helen Hunt Jackson (1831–1885) had many admirers of the beauty of her work; Joaquin Miller (1841–1913) by his originality and wild beauty of imagination arrested attention for a time; Edmund Clarence Stedman and Thomas Bailey Aldrich pleased by their art and lyrical beauty — but none of these is

truly great. The best, however, before 1900 are Stedman and Aldrich.

Edmund Clarence Stedman (1833–1908) was born in Hartford, Connecticut, took a course at Yale, and at the age of nineteen became editor of one of the local papers in Norwich, Connecticut. Very soon after this editorial venture he went to New York City, which became his permanent home. He joined the staff of the New York *Tribune*, and wrote much for the magazines. He became widely known by the poems *The Diamond Wedding* and *How Old Brown took Harper's Ferry*. Realizing, however, that money is necessary if a man wishes to be independent in his study and writing, he became a banker and broker and, in 1869, a member of the New York Stock Exchange.

With business giving him an assured income, he became noted for three lines of work — editorial, critical, and poetical.

Stedman as Critic. — As a critic Stedman holds first rank. His *Victorian Poets*, *Poets of America*, and *The Nature and Elements of Poetry* are the best work of their kind since Lowell's critical essays. He writes not only with sympathy, appreciation, judgment, and taste, but with a philosophical insight into character and mood which gives permanent value to his words. In fact, he has done valuable work in leading us to realize what poetry is.

Stedman as Poet. — As a poet Stedman ranks only a little below Longfellow, Whittier, and

Lowell. But though he writes on many subjects and in many forms of verse, he has never been so widely read as they. He is most pleasing in his short poems. Notice the freedom and vigor in the *Cavalry Song* in *Alice of Monmouth*, the sweet longing for the world beyond in *The Undiscovered Country*, and his many tender love poems in various moods. He makes clear pictures and has many beautiful fancies, but his imagination is not of the large, world-embracing type. His skill lies in making finished sketches of some bit of life. *Pan in Wall Street*, one of his best known shorter poems, shows his quick fancy and something of his skill in description. The poem was suggested by seeing a ragged Italian playing a flute as he leaned against one of the columns of a public building. Two of the stanzas tell us: —

"'Twas Pan himself had wandered here
A-strolling through this sordid city,
And piping to the civic ear
The prelude of some pastoral ditty!
The demigod had crossed the seas, —
From haunts of shepherd, nymph, and satyr,
And Syracusan times — to these
Far shores and twenty centuries later.

"A ragged cap was on his head;
But — hidden thus — there was no doubting
That, all with crispy locks o'erspread,
His gnarléd horns were somewhere sprouting;
His club-feet, cased in rusty shoes,
Were crossed, as on some frieze you see them,
And trousers, patched of divers hues,
Concealed his crooked shanks beneath them."

Edmund Clarence Stedman

His longest poems are *Alice of Monmouth* (1864) and *The Blameless Prince* (1869); the former gives us a glimpse of the home breaking and heart breaking of the Civil War, and is but one of a number which he wrote voicing national sentiments. Others are called *Wanted — A Man*, *Abraham Lincoln*, and *Gettysburg*.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich (1836–1907) was a native of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, the old town by the sea in which occurred those interesting adventures described in his *Story of a Bad Boy*. At the age of seventeen he became a journalist in New York, and before he was twenty had written the pathetic ballad called *Babie Bell*. Continuing literary work, in 1881 he became editor of *The Atlantic Monthly* in Boston, and held that position for nine years.

Aldrich's Poetry. — The critics tell us that Aldrich has produced the only uniformly artistic body of verse in the whole course of American literature. It is, perhaps, because his verse is so artistic, and because it does not deal with subjects of common interest, that his circle of readers has been comparatively small; for many fail to appreciate art who would be attracted by strong, manly sentiment expressed in earnest style, and Aldrich's subjects lie too far away — in some scene from the Orient or in some pretty fancy connected with old castles or old legends — to affect deeply ordinary human life. Yet his clearness and good form, the delicate and subtle music of his verse, cast a witch-

ing spell over those who read him most. His songs, or lyrics, are often exquisite bits of dainty rime, and among his long poems, *Judith of Bethulia* and *Wyndham Towers* show excellent blank verse and much good description: —

"The red leaf withered and the green leaf grew.
Dark were the days that came to Wyndham Towers
With that grim secret rusting in its heart.

* * * * *

In the wide moat, run dry with summer drought,
Great scarlet poppies lay in drifts and heaps,
Like bodies fall'n there in some vain assault.
Within, decay and dolor had their court—
Dolor, decay, and silence, lords of all.
From room to room the wind went shuddering
On some vague endless quest; now pausing here
To lift an arras, and then hurrying on,
To some fresh clue, belike! The sharp-nosed mouse
Through joist and floor discreetly gnawed her way,
And for her glossy young a lodging made
In a cracked corselet that once held a heart.
The meditative spider undisturbed
Wove his gray tapestry from sill to sill.
Over the transom the stone eagle drooped,
With one wing gone, in most dejected state
Moulting his feathers. A blue poisonous vine,
Whose lucent berry, hard as Indian jade,
No squirrel tried his tooth on, June by June
On the south hill-slope festered in the sun,
Man's foot came not there. It was haunted ground."

Aldrich's Prose. — But perfectly finished as his poetry is, Aldrich's greatest charm is in his prose —his short stories. Here he has a humorous

way of mystifying his readers, which is delightful. His *Marjorie Daw* is considered one of the best short stories ever written.

Later Poets. — Since 1900 a change of spirit and of subject matter has come into our poetry. There is a drifting away from established ideas in thought, expression, and verse form. Influenced by the many nationalities of which America is composed, and influenced, no doubt, largely by the poetry of Walt Whitman, ideas are becoming more democratic and revolutionary. Through their pictures of life the poets are demanding more humanitarian treatment of man, more opportunity for his social development, more charity for his shortcomings, and a restatement of his relation to God. They are demanding the right to choose for their poetry any subject, no matter how commonplace, and the freedom to express themselves in any way they choose. Rime and meter are still used, of course, by most of our poets, but their absence is often taken as a proof of individuality rather than as a fault. The scientific spirit of the age which insists upon looking at things as they are and calling them by their right names is also plainly felt. The poets are going to the world about them for their thoughts, rather than to books. They are casting aside stilted phrases and worn-out expressions. They are daring to be original.

Though as yet nothing great has been produced, and no poet has arisen who touches strongly the heart of humanity, one noticeable feature is that

much poetry is being written. Every week new volumes are issued by leading publishers. Only a few poets, however, who typify the more modern tendencies will be mentioned in this volume.

William Vaughn Moody (1869–1910), at the time of his death the greatest poet in America, shows in his poems the questioning spirit of the age, the general dissatisfaction with existing social and moral conditions which mark the New Movement in our poetry.

He was born in Indiana, was graduated at Harvard, and was for a few years instructor in English at the University of Chicago. He was a man of great intellectual ability, wide learning, and strong feeling. He writes of patriotism, human suffering, God, and the soul — themes eternal in their value, made into poems of high excellence by his imaginative treatment. Many of his poems are more or less suggested by real incidents or situations in his own life, as *Gloucester Moors; Ode in Time of Hesitation; Road Hymn for the Start;* and *Good Friday Night. A Soldier Fallen in the Philippines* is a good example of his patriotic fervor, which demands that America do right. A trilogy consisting of the poems *The Fire Bringer*, *The Masque of Judgment*, and *The Death of Eve* brings out his ideas of the relation of God and man.

As few of Moody's poems are narrative in form, and also because both in thought and expression they make large demands upon imagination and experience, they are somewhat hard to understand.

Edwin A. Robinson (1869–) is a poet who delights in depicting human nature just as it is. Many of his poems are sketches of odd or interesting characters, as Isaac and Archibald, two old men; Captain Craig, a wanderer, peddler, and beggar; and Aunt Imogen, an unmarried woman, all in a volume called *Captain Craig*. *The Man against the Sky* (1916), which places Robinson very high as a poet, contains the long poem, *Ben Jonson Entertains a Man from Stratford*, in which there is a fine characterization of Shakespeare. *The Town Down the River* (1910) contains studies of Lincoln, Napoleon, and Theodore Roosevelt, the latter a great admirer of Robinson's work.

The simple, direct style in which these poems are written makes them works of art. Their originality of thought and expression makes them decidedly modern, though there is no departure from meter and rime. A sadness pervades them, though not the sadness of despair, for Robinson's fundamental belief is that what seems failure is often true success.

He was born in Maine, but since leaving college has lived much of the time in New York.

Josephine Preston Peabody Marks (1874–1922), the wife of a Harvard professor, expresses moods of joy and love, and feelings of sympathy for the oppressed, in verse of arresting melody. Volumes called *The Singing Leaves* (1903), *The Singing Man* (1911), and *Harvest Moon* (1916) contain representative work.

Robert Frost (1875–), born in San Francisco, but of a New England father, writes in a realistic way of country life in New England, where he has lived principally since his tenth year.

North of Boston (1914) made him famous. It is a volume of stories of New Hampshire folk, told in a verse form which much resembles prose. People and scenery are represented with much vividness, but his work depresses, for the poet has chosen too many characters which have degenerated from the normal. A later volume, *Mountain Interval* (1916), dealing with the same locality, contains the short poem *Birches*, one of the best which Frost has written.

Edgar Lee Masters (1868–) is a revolutionary poet living in Chicago who wishes very much to overturn the world and bring about a different order of things. He has great sympathy with people who live cramped, monotonous lives. In 1915 he published a volume of short poems called *The Spoon River Anthology*, which promptly called the attention of many readers.

Spoon River purports to be a small town in the Middle West. The poems are supposed to be the epitaphs in the cemetery of this town, or rather, those lying in the graves of this cemetery are made to give the facts concerning their own lives and the causes of their deaths. There are two hundred and fourteen in the book who thus give an account of themselves. Each poem is consequently a character sketch, ironical, humorous, or

tragic, according to the person described. Though the author shows great knowledge of life, *Spoon River* is too full of accounts of crime and disease to be pleasing. The poems are written in verse free from rime or meter — *vers libre*, it is called.

Mr. Masters's interest in human beings is further shown in his prose story, *Mitch Miller* (1920), the best boy's story since *Tom Sawyer*.

Carl Sandburg (1878–), author of *Chicago Poems*, is even more revolutionary than Edgar Lee Masters. His style, he says, is his own. It is crude, coarse, sometimes brutal, lacking most of the elements of old-time poetry. It has no rime and very little rhythm, yet at times it shows moods of sympathy, tenderness, and beauty, while a powerful imagination is everywhere present.

Much of his subject matter concerns current events and up-to-date questions, which will prevent his work from being long-lived, but *Chicago Poems* is one of the most original books that this age has produced. The first poem in the book, called *Chicago*, is strong, graphic, pitiless in its picture of the great city of Illinois. *Killers* is a terrible picture of the great World War, in which he speaks of sixteen million soldiers

> "Eating and drinking, toiling . . . on a long job of killing
> Sixteen million men."

Another volume called *Cornhuskers* appeared in 1918, and *Smoke and Steel*, picturing the commonplace incidents and events of everyday American

life in shop, factory, and restaurant, was published in 1920. One critic has called this last group of poems "the angry voice of a poetic rebel."

Mr. Sandburg is of Swedish origin. Of himself he says: "I'm an idealist. I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way." He has been engaged in newspaper work in Chicago, Milwaukee, and other Western cities.

Nicholas Vachel Lindsay (1879–) attempts to bring the singing quality back into poetry. His verse has a compelling rhythm. *The Fireman's Ball*, *The Congo*, and *I Heard Immanuel Singing* furnish good examples.

Sara Teasdale (Mrs. Filsinger) (1884–) sings exquisite songs full of emotion and beautiful description. She uses simple poetic expressions, and has attained high perfection as a lyric writer. *Flame and Shadow* (1920) is a volume of love moods so perfect in craftsmanship that it seems imperishable. Her poems for children are also delightful, quaint in fancy, naïve in sentiment.

The Imagists are a group of poets produced by the New Movement in poetry. They claim to have rediscovered beauty in our modern world, and to have the "originality and honesty to affirm that beauty in whatever manner is native to the poet." They believe in using the language of common speech; employing always the exact word; in creating rhythms that fit their moods; in allowing absolute freedom in the choice of subject; and in presenting particulars exactly, so that

a clear, hard image is formed — hence, their name, Imagist. Their verse form is based upon cadence, and not upon rhythm, and to the uninitiated reads much like ordinary prose.

John Gould Fletcher, Mrs. Aldington, and **Amy Lowell** are leading Imagists. The latter, in this "free verse" form, or *vers libre*, as the French call it, has written many poems, some rich in color, delicate in fancy, and artistic in tone, but one misses strength of purpose. However, this is in keeping with Miss Lowell's idea of true poetry. She says "poetry should not try to teach"; that it should "exist simply because it is a created beauty." But people differ as to what is beauty. Two of Miss Lowell's volumes are called *A Dome of Many-Colored Glass* (1912) and *Sword Blades and Poppy Seed* (1914). The vivid pictures presented — see in the last-named volume *A Lady, Music, White and Green, The Great Adventure of Max Breuck* — fully justify the name Imagist.

Novelists. — A great number of women novelists have gained particular prominence during the last fifty years. The names of Elizabeth Phelps Ward, Mary Wilkins Freeman, Margaret Deland, Mary N. Murfree ("Charles Egbert Craddock"), Frances Hodgson Burnett, and Edith Wharton deserve especial mention. Among the men, George W. Cable, Thomas Nelson Page, F. Hopkinson Smith, John Fox, Jr., James Lane Allen, Booth Tarkington, and Winston Churchill are some of those who have become prominent. But our novelists are

legion. They come and go in public favor with hardly more lasting effect than the flowers of the field which live but for a season. Many of them do clever work and write very readable books; but they fail to touch the heart of humanity strongly, and often give untrue estimates of what is worth striving for, while in character drawing the reader misses the stroke of the master.

Bret Harte. — A story writer who attracted wide attention about 1870 was Francis Bret Harte (1839–1902). He was born in Albany, New York, but went to California while still in his teens, and finally became editor of *The Overland Monthly*. In this magazine appeared his story *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, which made Bret Harte famous, not only in this country, but in England. Indeed, the English praised his work more than Americans did, and England appeared so attractive to him that the last twenty years of his life were spent there. Bret Harte's first great story was followed by a score of tales remarkable for correctness of form, originality, and vigor. He wrote principally of life in mining camps, and his work is valuable as a picture, not always true perhaps, of California in its early days.

William Dean Howells (1837–1920) stands very high among modern novelists. He is known as a realist, because he paints life as he sees it, without altering it for the sake of dramatic or artistic effect. He wishes to set up no false ideals of self-sacrifice or of heroism, and accordingly his pages

are filled with ordinary, everyday people who have everyday adventures and experiences; and yet there is so much humor shown in his writings, and so much insight into character, that with many readers Howells's stories hold their own in interest with more exciting tales. Among his best novels are *The Lady of the Aroostook*, *The Rise of Silas Lapham*, *The Minister's Charge*, and *A Hazard of New Fortunes*.

Howells is not only a novelist, however, but a dramatist, a poet, a writer of charming books of travel, a delightful essayist, and a critic of contemporary literature. His dramatic work is in the light form known as the farce, and has been very popular. *The Mouse Trap*, *The Albany Depot*, and *The Parlor Car* have given many an hour of delightful amusement. His books of travel began with *Venetian Life* (1866) and *Italian Journeys* (1867). More recent sketches are *London Films* (1905) and *Certain Delightful English Towns* (1906). Some of his criticisms are found in the volumes entitled *Heroines of Fiction* and *The Art of the Novelist*.

Howells was born in Ohio, but lived most of the time after 1865 either in Boston and vicinity or in New York. He was consul to Venice during the Civil War; later he edited *The Atlantic Monthly*, and had various connections with other magazines. He went abroad several times after his consulship, but his feelings remained intensely American, as all his writings show.

Henry James (1843–1916) also is a realist in fiction. He was born in New York, was educated mainly in Europe, and lived in England for many years. Consequently he knew life on both sides of the Atlantic, and wrote what has been called the international novel. The titles of some of his books are *The American*, *The Europeans*, *Daisy Miller*, *The Portrait of a Lady*, *The Bostonians*, *The Wings of the Dove*, and *The Golden Bowl*.

The characters in these books are highly cultured modern people, who are described with so minute an analysis of looks, manners, and mind that to many people Mr. James seems a tiresome writer, while to others he is a skillful master. This ability to make fine distinctions in mood and character has won for him the unqualified approval of a small cultured audience, but a great number of readers do not understand him.

Samuel Langhorne Clemens, "Mark Twain" (1835–1910), is ranked by some critics as the greatest American writer of his time. To many he is known simply as a humorist, but he is much more, for his writings are both literary and philosophical. He was born in Florida, Missouri, and at thirteen was working in his brother's printing office. Then we find him as a journeyman printer in Cincinnati, New York, and Philadelphia. When the Civil War broke out, he entered the Southern army. Later he was a pilot on the Mississippi River, and from the customary remark of the leadsman when he found the steamboat in two fathoms of water —

"Mark twain!" — he took the pseudonym which he made his in literature. After some time as pilot, he become secretary to his brother in Nevada, then went to California and the Hawaiian Islands. A trip that he took up the Mediterranean resulted in *Innocents Abroad*, which established beyond question his right to be called a great humorist. His last years were spent in Connecticut and in New York City.

Tom Sawyer, *Huckleberry Finn*, *A Connecticut Yankee at the Court of King Arthur*, *The Prince and the Pauper*, and *Pudd'nhead Wilson* are the titles of some of his later books. But besides books, Mark Twain wrote numberless short articles on such a variety of subjects that it is impossible to do more than hint at his work. As he was a great traveler, his writings picture conditions in many lands. In 1895–1896 he made a trip around the world lecturing, in order to pay off a debt of nearly one hundred thousand dollars incurred by a publishing house with which he was connected. As this debt did not bind him legally, his act won the admiration of all lovers of honesty.

Mark Twain's Humor is not of the delicate, graceful style, like Irving's, but is all-convulsing — sometimes uproarious. It comes from incongruity of ideas, exaggeration, and irreverence for certain things which superstition has put on a pedestal.

His Literary Qualities. — The high literary qualities of his work are shown in the creation of real characters, like Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry

Finn; in his dramatic power; and in the true pictures that he has given of certain kinds of life, in America especially. His object is not simply to make fun, but to bring out some truth, to suggest some reform in thought or action; and so successfully has he done this, that he may be counted among the world's moralists.

Mark Twain's Prominence. — He is so thoroughly American at every point — such a hater of oppression, such a lover of equal rights, so filled with common sense — that his Americanism alone would give him prominence. His worth was recognized in many ways, most conspicuously by the honorary degrees conferred on him by the universities of Missouri and Yale in this country, and by Oxford in England (1907).

Francis Richard Stockton (1834–1902) is another humorist of decidedly original flavor. He stands alone in his style, and that style is most amusing.

He was born in Philadelphia, had only a high school education, and began life as an engraver. He soon entered upon newspaper work, was on the editorial staff of *Scribner's Magazine*, and became connected with *St. Nicholas*. In 1879 appeared that unique story, *Rudder Grange*, and in 1884 his most popular short story, *The Lady or the Tiger?*

Stockton's stories are all improbable tales, filled with absurd situations and the queerest people, who do ridiculous things. These stories do not

show so deep a study of life and the needs of mankind as Mark Twain's do, but they contain many a clever satire on whims and foibles. We laugh, and are glad that he wrote. Among his noted books are *The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine*, *The Late Mrs. Null*, and *The Merry Chanter.*

Joel Chandler Harris (1848–1908) writes minutely and accurately of the negro of the South and of the Georgia "cracker." Harris was born in Georgia, and at the age of twelve was employed at a printing office on a plantation near his home. Here in his leisure hours, besides entering into the festivities of the place and reading extensively in his employer's library, he watched the negroes at their work, and stole into their cabins and listened to their quaint stories. Later, he became a journalist and an editor. Being one day asked to supply material for a vacant column in an Atlanta paper, he wrote a negro story that he had heard as a boy. The paper asked for more, and to his surprise, Harris soon found himself famous.

These stories cluster around a central figure, Uncle Remus, who amuses a little boy of seven by telling him of the tricks and antics of Br'er Rabbit, Br'er Fox, and other animals. Together they make a valuable contribution to literature, for besides giving the world an interesting, original character in Uncle Remus, they preserve to us the superstition, humor, philosophy, and childishness of the old-time negro. They are collected in several vol-

umes, some of which are: *Uncle Remus, His Songs and His Sayings; Nights with Uncle Remus; Uncle Remus and His Friends.* Their writing has secured for Harris a permanent place in American literature.

His stories of the "crackers," or poor whites, have the same realism as his stories of the negroes. Teague Poteet is as true to life as Uncle Remus, a sympathetic sketch which adds to Harris's fame. In *Mingo and Other Stories* we find the cracker portrayed.

Margaret Deland (1857–), born in Pennsylvania, but for many years a resident of Boston, has done work of a very high order. She deals with great moral and social forces, showing the human soul destroyed or redeemed, or character raised or debased, through some agent within the person himself. *The Awakening of Helena Richie* and *The Iron Woman* are two of her strongest novels.

Her collection of short stories, *Old Chester Tales* and *Dr. Lavendar's People*, are altogether charming and bid fair to become classics. Dr. Lavendar himself, with his wisdom, humor, sympathy, and goodness, is one of the most lovable characters in all fiction.

Edith Wharton (1862–), a native of New York, has published many novels since 1900. One of them, *The House of Mirth* (1905), attracted very wide attention. This is a satire on the fashionable world, showing its heartlessness and lack of noble ideals. *Xingu* (1916) is in the same

vein. Other novels, as *The Fruit of the Tree* (1907) and *Ethan Frome* (1911), trace the development of the mental and moral life of the characters portrayed, and reveal Mrs. Wharton as a great artist. In keenness of insight she is unsurpassed by any writer of her time. A later novel, *The Age of Innocence* (1920), with scenes principally in New York, is, however, much inferior to her former work.

Winston Churchill (1871–) is more widely read than some of the other great writers, probably because he caught the taste of the people in his historical novel, *Richard Carvel* (1890). This is a most interesting story of the American Revolution, with Paul Jones, the naval hero, as one of the characters. An appealing love story links the exciting adventures, which shift from Maryland to London, and altogether, with its ease of style, the book is very pleasing. Later books, as *The Crisis* (1901), which deals with the Civil War; *Coniston* (1906), picturing the dangers of corrupt politics; and *The Inside of the Cup* (1912), criticizing the church in its relation to social evils, are not so charming.

The Short Story. — Critics tell us that the American short story is the best art form of its kind in any literature. About 1890 it reached its highest point of development, with **Hamlin Garland** (1860) as its most distinctive writer. He was born in the Middle West, and his stories, written with seriousness and intense feeling, picture the hard life on

the farms of his boyhood home. Collections called *Main-Traveled Roads* (1891); *Prairie Folks* (1893); and *Other Main-Traveled Roads* (1910), show his best work.

Grace King (1852–) wrote of the Creoles of New Orleans in *Monsieur Motte* (1888) and *Tales of a Time and Place* (1892). **Kate Chopin** (1851–1904) also wrote of the South in *Bayou Folk* (1894). She was a wonderful story teller, humorous, emotional, dramatic. **James Lane Allen** (1849–1925), in *Flute and Violin* (1891), wrote tales full of literary charm "combined with deep soundings into the heart of human life." **Alice French** (1850) wrote many Western stories; *Knitters in the Sun* (1887) is probably the best collection. **Richard Harding Davis** (1864–1916), author of *Gallagher* (1891), *Van Bibber and Others* (1892), wrote humorously of the idle rich of New York. **Henry C. Bunner** (1855–1896), author of *Short Sixes* (1891), did much toward making the short story a work of art. His stories are vivacious, witty, and wholesome. **Alice Brown** (1857–) wrote of New England life in *Tiverton Tales* (1899) and *The Country Road* (1906). **Mary Wilkins Freeman** (1862–) also wrote of New England, picturing with grim realism in *A Humble Romance* (1887), *A New England Nun and Other Stories* (1891), a fast vanishing type of country character.

Since 1900 the short story has continued in popularity. Americans demand quick results, and the short story, with its compression of detail,

rapidity of movement, and sharpness of characterization, satisfies that demand. The writers are so many, however, that it would be difficult to enumerate them. Many writers of novels are also short story writers.

The Drama. — America has as yet produced no great drama. We have, however, had a number of playwrights who have written successful plays dealing with American life. Among them are **Bronson Howard** (1842–1908), author of *Shenandoah*, a play of the Civil War; **James A. Herne** (1839–1901), author of *Shore Acres;* **William Gillette** (1855–), *Held by the Enemy;* **Augustus Thomas** (1859–), who wrote *Arizona* and *The Witching Hour;* **David Belasco** (1859–), author of *The Girl of the Golden West* and *The Rose of the Rancho;* **Clyde Fitch** (1865–1909), *The Climbers;* **William Vaughn Moody** (1869–1910), *The Great Divide;* **Edward Sheldon** (1886–), *The Boss* and *Salvation Nell.*

Two playwrights, whose dramas have a much higher literary value than those mentioned, are **Percy MacKaye** (1875–) and **Josephine Preston Peabody Marks** (1874–). Mr. MacKaye's plays cover a wide range of subjects: mythology, history, literature, modern life. Three of them are: *Fenris the Wolf*, *The Canterbury Pilgrims*, and *Jeanne d'Arc.* He also is prominent as a writer of masques and pageants, an elaborate form of the drama often given out of doors, and usually written for some important historic or other great occasion.

Sanctuary, a Bird Masque, by Mr. MacKaye, was given in New Hampshire in honor of President and Mrs. Wilson.

The Little Theater Movement. — Most theater managers produce plays which they think will pay. Ticket receipts are more important to them than literary value, when they choose what to put on the boards. There is little opportunity, therefore, for the production of purely artistic drama or for amateur plays. Because of this, in order to give playwrights freedom for more original and artistic work, and simultaneously with a like movement in Europe, little theaters have been opened all over this country, where writers, aiming more at the future of the drama than at money-making, have tried out their creations. Often their plays are of one act only, differing from the longer play as the short story differs from the novel. Often amateur actors are the performers, thus widening still further the distance between the Little Theater plays and the commercial drama. One-act plays which have had some degree of popularity are: *Sam Average*, by Percy MacKaye, and *The Merry, Merry Cuckoo*, by Jeannette Marks, both produced in the Toy Theater, Boston. Others are: *In the Zone*, by Eugene G. O'Neill, originally produced in 1917 by the Washington Square Players, New York; *Suppressed Desires*, by George Cram Cook and Susan Glaspell, also given in New York by the Provincetown Players; and *Mrs. Pat and the Law*, by Mary Aldis, given at the Little Theater,

founded in 1910 by Mrs. Aldis, at her home in Lake Forest, Illinois. The singleness of impression of these one-act plays, whether it be dramatic, humorous, tragic, or poetic, has produced an art-type which bids fair to be permanent.

Writers of Essays have been very numerous, and consequently a wide range of subjects, religious, historical, and literary, has been covered.

Standing out from the group, as a writer of the familiar essay, is **Agnes Repplier** (1857–), whose witty, vivacious style has many admirers among cultured people. Most of her writings deal with the world of books, but one volume, *In Our Convent Days*, describes youthful experiences at school. Other volumes of her essays are called *A Happy Half Century* (1908), *Books and Men* (1888), and *Points of Friction* (1920). The latter volume contains delightful essays on *Woman Enthroned*, *The Strayed Prohibitionist*, and *Money*.

Samuel McChord Crothers (1857–), a Unitarian clergyman of Cambridge, Massachusetts, attracts many readers by the wisdom of his essays and his humorous turn of thought. He too, like Miss Repplier, draws most of his subjects from the world of books. Representative collections of his essays are: *The Pardoner's Wallet* (1905) and *The Pleasures of an Absentee Landlord* (1916).

John Burroughs (1837–1921) and **John Muir** (1838–1914) write delightfully of nature. Burroughs is the author of *Wake Robin* (1871) and *Ways of Nature* (1905); Muir, of *The Mountains of Cali-*

fornia (1894) and *My First Summer in the Sierra* (1911). **Henry van Dyke** (1852–) charms with his fresh pictures of outdoor life, in volumes called *Little Rivers* (1895–) and *Fisherman's Luck* (1899); while **Paul Elmer More** (1864–) by his scholarly material and literary style has given America an official critic. His *Shelburne Essays*, so called from the name of the town where they were written, deal principally with English and American writers. He was born in St. Louis, educated at Harvard and in Europe, and for a while was a teacher of Sanscrit.

CONCLUSION

The long list of names at the end of this chapter will perhaps give one a better idea of the extent of contemporary American literature than anything which has been said in the previous pages. Stories, poems, histories, essays, biographies, and criticisms abound. We are not satisfied, however long and comprehensive though the list may be. American authors write well, but we miss the master. We wish for greater poets, greater novelists, greater interpreters of life. It is said our age is too hurried, too full of schemes for money making, too material, for the best literary work to be produced. But be that as it may, we still believe in the intellectual life of our nation, that out of the mixture of Saxon and Norman and Dane, of Italian, German, and Celt, some day, somewhere,

in this great country of ours, the genius will arise who will write of the past, the present, and the time to come in such a strain that all the world will pause to hear.

READING FOR CHAPTER IX

Stedman. — *Pan in Wall Street*; *The Hand of Lincoln*; *The Undiscovered Country*; *Hebe*; *Aaron Burr's Wooing.*

Aldrich. — *The Ballad of Babie Bell.* Prose: *Story of a Bad Boy*; *Marjorie Daw.*

Howells. — *Doorstep Acquaintances*, found in *Suburban Sketches.*

James. — *A Passionate Pilgrim.*

Mark Twain. — Selections from *Tom Sawyer.*

Stockton. — *The Bee Man of Orn* and *The Lady or the Tiger?* found in his collection of short stories.

Moody. — *Gloucester Moors*; *A Soldier Fallen in the Philippines.*

Robinson. — *Isaac and Archibald.*

Frost. — *Birches*; *An Old Man's Winter Night.*

Masters. — *Mitch Miller.* Selections from *Spoon River.*

Sandburg. — *Chicago*; *Fellow Citizens*; *Fog.*

Lindsay. — *The Fireman's Ball.*

Harris. — *Nights with Uncle Remus.*

Deland. — *Old Chester Tales.*

Amy Lowell. — *The Great Adventure of Max Breuck* *The Little Garden.*

LITERATURE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

LATER WRITERS

POETRY

1. Lucy Larcom, 1824–1893: *Wild Roses of Cape Ann.*
2. Charles Godfrey Leland, 1824–1903: *Hans Breitmann's Ballads; Anglo-Romany Songs.*
3. Helen Hunt Jackson, 1831–1885: *Sonnets and Lyrics.*
4. Edmund Clarence Stedman, 1833–1908: *Alice of Monmouth; The Blameless Prince.*
5. Celia Thaxter, 1835–1894: *Drift-Weed; The Cruise of the Mystery and Other Poems.*
6. Louise Chandler Moulton, 1835–1908: *In the Garden of Dreams, Lyrics, and Sonnets.*
7. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, 1836–1907: *Wyndham Towers; Judith of Bethulia.*
8. Eugene Field, 1850–1895: *A Little Book of Western Verse.*
9. Cincinnatus Heine Miller ("Joaquin Miller"), 1841–1913: *Songs of the Sierras.*
10. Edward Rowland Sill, 1841–1887: *The Hermitage; The Fool's Prayer.*
11. Emily Dickinson, 1830–1886: *Success; A Service of Song; Hope.*
12. Emma Lazarus, 1849–1887: *Admetus and Other Poems.*
13. Henry van Dyke, 1852–: *The Toiling of Felix and Other Poems.*
14. Edith M. Thomas, 1854–1925: *Lyrics and Sonnets.*
15. James Whitcomb Riley, 1853–1916: *Neighborly Poems; Poems Here at Home.*
16. Frank Dempster Sherman, 1860–1916: *Lyrics.*
17. Madison Julius Cawein, 1865–1914: *Lyrics and Idyls.*
18. Bliss Carman, 1861–: *Low Tide on Grand Pré; Songs from Vagabondia.*
19. William Vaughn Moody, 1869–1910: *Poems and Poetic Dramas.*
20. Edwin A Robinson, 1869–: *Captain Craig; The Town Down the River; The Children of the Night.*
21. Josephine Preston Peabody Marks, 1874–1922: *The Wayfarers; The Singing Leaves; The Singing Man; The Piper; Harvest Moon.*
22. Robert Frost, 1875–: *North of Boston; Mountain Interval.*
23. Edgar Lee Masters, 1868–: *Spoon River Anthology; Songs and Satires; The Great Valley; Toward the Gulf; Mitch Miller.*

24. Carl Sandburg, 1878–: *Chicago Poems; Cornhuskers; Smoke and Steel.*
25. Nicholas Vachel Lindsay, 1879–: *General William Booth Enters into Heaven and Other Poems; The Congo and Other Poems; The Chinese Nightingale and Other Poems.*
26. Sara Teasdale, 1884–: *Sonnets to Duse and Other Poems; Helen of Troy; Flame and Shadow.*
27. Conrad Aiken, 1889–: *Earth Triumphant and Other Tales in Verse; Turns and Movies.*
28. Lincoln Colcord, 1883–: *Visions of War.*
29. Ezra Pound, 1885–: *Lustra.*
30. John Gould Fletcher, 1886–: *Goblins and Pagodas.*
31. Mrs. Aldington ("H. D."), 1886–: *Sea Garden.*
32. Amy Lowell, 1874–1925: *A Dome of Many-Colored Glass; Sword Blades and Poppy Seed; Men, Women, and Ghosts.*
33. Alan Seegar, 1888–1916: *Poems; Letters and Diary.*

PROSE

1. *The Novel and Story*

1. Adeline D. T. Whitney, 1824–1906: *Faith Gartney's Girlhood; Leslie Goldthwait.*
2. Lewis Wallace, 1827–1903: *Ben-Hur, a Tale of the Christ; The Prince of India.*
3. Silas Weir Mitchell, 1829–1914: *Hugh Wynne.*
4. Helen Hunt Jackson, 1831–1885: *Ramona.*
5. Louisa May Alcott, 1832–1888: *Little Women; Little Men.*
6. Francis Richard Stockton, 1834–1902: *Rudder Grange; The House of Martha.*
7. Samuel L. Clemens ("Mark Twain"), 1835–1910: *Adventures of Tom Sawyer; Pudd'nhead Wilson.*
8. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, 1839–1907: *The Story of a Bad Boy; Marjorie Daw and Other People.*
9. William Dean Howells, 1837–1920: *A Modern Instance; The Rise of Silas Lapham.*
10. Edward Eggleston, 1837–1903: *The Hoosier Schoolmaster.*
11. Albion Winegar Tourgée, 1838–1905: *A Fool's Errand; Bricks without Straw.*
12. Francis Hopkinson Smith, 1838–1915: *Colonel Carter of Cartersville.*
13. Francis Bret Harte, 1839–1902: *The Luck of Roaring Camp.*
14. Henry James, 1843–1916: *The Portrait of a Lady; The Bostonians.*
15. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, 1844–1911: *A Singular Life; Dr. Zay.*
16. George W. Cable, 1844–1925: *Old Creole Days.*

17. Maurice Thompson, 1844–1901: *Alice of Old Vincennes.*

18. Sarah Orne Jewett, 1849–1909: *The Country of the Pointed Firs; A Country Doctor.*

19. Frances Hodgson Burnett, 1849–1924: *That Lass o' Lowrie's; Little Lord Fauntleroy; The Shuttle.*

20. Julian Hawthorn, 1846–: *Beatrice Randolph; Garth.*

21. Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, 1848–1895: *Gunnar, a Norse Romance.*

22. Kate Douglas Wiggin, 1857–1923: *Timothy's Quest; Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.*

23. James Lane Allen, 1848–1925: *A Kentucky Cardinal; The Choir Invisible.*

24. Mary Noailles Murfree, ("Charles Egbert Craddock"), 1850–1922: *In the Tennessee Mountains; The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain.*

25. Alice French ("Octave Thanet"), 1850–: *Knitters in the Sun.*

26. Francis Marion Crawford, 1854–1909: *Mr. Isaacs; Saracinesca.*

27. Thomas Nelson Page, 1853–1922: *Marse Chan; Polly; Red Rock.*

28. Ruth McEnery Stuart, 1856–1917: *The Story of Babette; Sonny.*

29. Margaret Wade Deland, 1857–: *John Ward, Preacher; The Wisdom of Fools.*

30. Mary Wilkins Freeman, 1862–: *A Humble Romance; Jerome; A New England Nun.*

31. John Fox, Jr., 1863–1919: *The Kentuckians; The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come.*

32. Richard Harding Davis, 1864–1916: *The Princess Alive; Soldiers of Fortune.*

33. Mary Johnston, 1870–: *Prisoners of Hope; To Have and to Hold.*

34. Winston Churchill, 1871–: *Richard Carvel; The Crisis.*

35. Edith Wharton, 1862–: *The Valley of Decision; The House of Mirth.*

36. Newton Booth Tarkington, 1869–: *The Gentleman from Indiana.*

37. Paul Leicester Ford, 1865–1902: *The Honorable Peter Sterling; Janice Meredith.*

38. Joel Chandler Harris, 1848–1908: *Nights with Uncle Remus; Mingo and Other Sketches in Black and White; Uncle Remus, His Songs and His Sayings; On the Plantation.*

39. Robert Herrick, 1868–: *The Common Lot; A Life for a Life; Clark's Field; One Woman's Life.*

40. Theodore Dreiser, 1871–: *The Genius; The Financier; The Titan.*

41. Jack London, 1876–1917: *Call of the Wild; The Sea Wolf; Before Adam.*

II. *Essays and Criticism*

1. Edmund Clarence Stedman, 1833–1908: *Victorian Poets; Poets of America; The Nature and Elements of Poetry.*
2. William Winter, 1836–1917: *Shakespeare's England; Gray Days and Gold.*
3. John Burroughs, 1837–1921: *Wake-Robin; Indoor Studies.*
4. Laurence Hutton, 1843–1904: *Other Times and Other Seasons; Plays and Players.*
5. Hamilton Wright Mabie, 1846–1916: *My Study Fire; Books and Culture.*
6. Henry van Dyke, 1852–: *The Poetry of Tennyson; Fisherman's Luck, and Other Uncertain Things.*
7. James Brander Matthews, 1852–: *French Dramatists of the Nineteenth Century; Essays in English.*
8. Robert Grant, 1852–: *The Reflections of a Married Man; Search-Light Letters.*
9. George Edward Woodberry, 1855–: *Makers of Literature; The Appreciation of Literature; Great Writers.*
10. Agnes Repplier, 1857–: *Books and Men; Essays in Idleness.*
11. Samuel M. Crothers, 1857–: *The Gentle Reader; The Pardoner's Wallet; The Absentee Landlord.*
12. John Muir, 1838–1914: *The Mountains of California; My First Summer in the Sierra.*
13. Bliss Perry, 1860–: *A Study of Prose Fiction; Walt Whitman, His Life and Work; Park Street Papers.*
14. Paul Elmer More, 1864–: *Shelburne Essays.*
15. Francis B. Gummere, 1855–1919: *The Beginning of Poetry; Democracy and Poetry.*
16. William James, 1842–1910: *The Will to Believe and Other Essays in Popular Philosophy.*

III. *History and Biography*

1. Ulysses S. Grant, 1822–1885: *Personal Memoirs.*
2. Henry Charles Lea, 1825–1909: *Studies in Church History; History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages.*
3. Justin Winsor, 1831–1897: *Narrative and Critical History of America; Christopher Columbus.*
4. Andrew Dickson White, 1832–1918: *The New Germany.*
5. Hubert Howe Bancroft, 1832–1918: *History of the Pacific States.*
6. Charles Francis Adams, 1835–1915: *Massachusetts: Its Historians and Its History.*
7. Moses Coit Tyler, 1835–1900: *History of American Literature from 1607–1765; The*

Literary History of the American Revolution.

8. Henry Adams, 1838–1918: *John Randolph; History of the United States.*

9. James Schouler, 1839–1920: *History of the United States under the Constitution.*

10. Thomas R. Lounsbury, 1838–1915: *History of the English Language; James Fenimore Cooper; Studies in Chaucer.*

11. Alfred T. Mahan, 1840–1918: *Influence of Sea Power upon History, 1660-1783.*

12. John Clark Ridpath, 1841–1900: *Popular History of the United States; Great Races of Mankind.*

13. John Fiske, 1842–1901: *Myths and Myth-Makers; Darwinism; The Beginnings of New England.*

14. Henry Cabot Lodge, 1850–1924: *The Story of the American Revolution; Alexander Hamilton.*

15. John Bach McMaster, 1852–: *A History of the People of the United States.*

16. Charles Francis Richardson, 1851–1913: *American Literature, 1607–1885.*

17. Barrett Wendell, 1855–1921: *Life of Cotton Mather; Literary History of America.*

18. Woodrow Wilson, 1856–1924: *Congressional Government; Elements of Historical and Political Politics.*

19. Theodore Roosevelt, 1858–1918: *Life of Thomas Hart Benton; The Naval War of 1812; Oliver Cromwell.*

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